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A

New Version

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID:

Fitted to the TUNES uſed in Churches.

BY

N. BRADY, D. D.

Chaplain in Ordinary,

AND

N. TATE, Eſq;

Poet-Laureat

To His MAJESTY.

BOSTON:

Printed for THOMAS LEVERETT, in Cornhill. MDCCLXXIV.

A New Version of the PSALMS, *&c.*

PSALM I.

1 HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
by ill Advice to walk;
Nor stands in Sinners Ways; nor sits
where Men profanely talk!
2. But makes the perfect Law of God
his Bus'ness and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3. Like some fair tree, which, fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and Success
all his Designs attend.
4. Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
no lasting Root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd,
like Chaff before the wind.

5. Their Guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite shall then
among the Saints have Place.

6. For God approves the juſt Man's Ways ;
to Happineſs they tend :
But Sinners, and the paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen ſtorm ?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform ?
2. The great in Counſel, and in Might,
their various Forces bring ;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.

3. " Muſt we ſubmit to their commands "?
preſumptuouſly they ſay :
" No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
" and caſt their Chains away. "
4. But God, who ſits enthron'd on High,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Deſign.

5. Thick Clouds of Wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious Foes ;
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak,
to all that dare oppoſe :
6. " Though madly you diſpute my Will,
" the King that I ordain,
" Whoſe Throne is fix'd on *Sion*'s Hill,
" ſhall there ſecurely reign. "

7. Attend,

7. Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree:
" Thou art my Son; this day, my Heir,
" have I begotten thee.
8. " Aſk, and receive thy full Demands:
" thine ſhall the Heathen be;
" The utmoſt Limits of the Lands,
" ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

9. "Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake
" and cruſh them ev'ry-where;
" As maſſy Bars of Iron break,
" the Potter's brittle Ware.
10. Learn then, ye Princes; and give Ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
11. Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear;
rejoice with awful Mirth.

12. Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13. If but in Part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

PSALM III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the troublers of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.

2. Inſulting, they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore :
The GOD in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.

3. But thou, O LORD, art my Defence
on thee my Hopes rely :
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet,
lift up my head on high.

4. Since whenſoe'er in like diſtreſs,
To GOD I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill ;
why ſhould I now deſpair ?

5. Guarded by him, I laid me down,
my ſweet Repoſe to take ;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in ſafety wake.

6. No Force nor Fury of my Foes,
my Courage ſhall confound ;
Were they as many Hoſts, as Men,
that have beſet me round.

7. Ariſe, and ſave me, O my GOD,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe ;
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.

8. Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
He only can defend ;
His Bleſſing he extends to all,
that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1. O LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear.
Thou still redeem'st me from Distress:
Have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame devise?
How long your vain Designs pursue,
and spread malicious Lies?

3. Consider that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4. Then stand in awe of his commands,
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.

5. The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteousness supply;
And let your Hope, securely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
6. While worldly Minds impatient grow,
more prosp'rous Times to see;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
shine brightly, Lord, on me.

7. So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy.
more lasting, and more true,
Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine
successively renew.

8. Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt :
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint;
accept my ſecret Pray'r :
2. To Thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3. Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.

4. For thou, the Wrongs that I ſuſtain,
canſt never, Lord, approve ;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place
all Evil doſt remove.
5. Not long ſhalt ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View :
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things,
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.

6. The ſland'ring tongue, O God of truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd ;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood,
and in deceit employ'd.
7. But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.

8 Conduct

8. Conduct me by thy righteous Laws ;
for watchful is my Foe :
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way.
wherein I ought to go.
9. Their mouth vents nothing but deceit ;
their Heart is set on Wrong ;
Their throat is a devouring Grave ;
they flatter with their tongue.

10. By their own Counsels let them fall,
oppress'd with loads of Sin ;
For they against thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11. But let all those who trust in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim ;
Let them rejoice, whom thou preserv'st,
and all that love thy Name.

12. To righteous Men, the righteous Lord
his Blessing will extend ;
And with his favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

THY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
and spare a Wretch forlorn :
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.
2. Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aching Bones,
which thou alone canst cure.

3. My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my soul with Grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?
4. Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
and ease my troubled Soul:
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercies sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.

5. For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave
can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with Groaning faint,
no hope of Ease I see;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is spent in tears by me.

7. My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
on my insulting Foes.
8. Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears,
and listens to my Voice.

9, 10. He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that wish my fall
Shall blush and rage to see, that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O LORD, my God, since I have plac'd
my Trust alone in thee,
From all my Persecutors Rage,
do thou deliver me.
2. To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpose thy pow'r;
Lest, like a savage Lion, he
my helpless Soul devour.

3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er
against his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
who sought unjustly mine;
5. Let then to persecuting Foes,
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Dust my Honour lay.

6. Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my Foes,
and their insulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my Behalf
the Judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.

7. So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
shall still for Justice fly:
Oh! therefore for their Sakes, resume
thy Judgment-Seat on high.

8. Im-

8. Impartial Judge of all the World,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my righteouſneſs
ſo let thy Sentence be.

9. Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be oer'thrown;
But guard the Juſt, thou God to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11. God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe
who from his Laws depart.

12. If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
his Bow ſtands ready bent;
13. Ev'n now, with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are ſent.
14. The Plots are fruitleſs, which my Foe
unjuſtly did conceive:
15. The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.

16. On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilſt I from Harm am free:
On him the Violence is fall'n,
which he deſign'd for me.
17. Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World, how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2. And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant tongue,
thy boundleſs praiſe declare.

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou queil'ſt the wicked throng,
that Thee and Thine oppoſe.
3. When Hea'vn, thy beauteous Work on high
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light;

4. What's Man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wond'rous kind?
5. Him next in Pow'r thou didſt create
to thy celeſtial train;
6. Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.

7. They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beaſts that prey or graze;
8. The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.

9. O

9. O Thou to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2. The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whil'ſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.

3. Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful Flight:
Struck with thy Preſence, down they fell;
they periſh'd at thy Sight.
4. Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd,
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.

5. The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offſprings quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6. Miſtaken Foes, your haughty Threats
are to a Period come:
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make one common Tomb.

7, 8. The

7, 8. The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd;
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.
9. God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

10. All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11. Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
from *Sion* his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12. When he Inquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to Mind;
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint,
Redreſs from him ſhall find.
13. Take Pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's devouring Gate.

14. In *Sion* then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of greatful Joy
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.

15. Deep

15. Deep in the pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
insensibly betray'd.

16. Thus, by the just Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are shamefully o'erthrown.
17. No single Sinner shall escape
by privacy obscur'd;
Nor Nation, from his just Revenge,
by Numbers be secur'd.

18. His suff'ring Saints, when most distress'd,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations shall be crown'd,
tho' for a time delay'd.
19. Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Descend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.

20. Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till, by consenting Fear,
They to each other, and themselves,
but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1 WHY Presence why withdraw'st thou
why hid'st thou now thy Face, (Lord?
When dismal times of deep Distress
call for thy wonted Grace?

2 The

2. The Wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey :
O let them fall by those Designs
which they for others lay.

3. For strait they triumph, if Success
their thriving Crimes attend ;
And sordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perversly they commend.
4. To own a Pow'r above themselves
their haughty Pride disdains ;
And therefore in their stubborn Mind
no thought of God remains.

5. Oppressive Methods they pursue,
and all their Foes they slight ;
Because thy Judgments unobserv'd
are far above their Sight.
6. They fondly think their prosp'rous State
shall unmolested be ;
They think their vain Designs shall thrive,
from all Misfortune free.

7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curses fill'd, and Lies ;
By which the Mischief of their Heart
they study to disguise.
8. Near public Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle, and destroy.

9. Not

9. Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
surprise their heedless Prey
With greater Cunning, or express
more savage Rage, than they.
10. Sometimes they act the harmless Man,
and modest Looks they wear;
That, so deceiv'd, the Poor may less
their sudden Onset fear.

PART II.

11. For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppression heeds.
12. But thou, O Lord, at length arise;
stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And by the Greatness of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.

13. No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boasting, say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do,
"he never will repay."
14 But sure, thou seest, and all their Deeds
impartially dost try:
The Orphan, therefore, and the Poor,
on thee for Aid rely.

15. Defenceless let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark Designs,
till no Remains are left.

16. Assert

16. Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,
which shall for ever stand:
Thou, who the Heathen did'st expel
from this thy chosen Land.

17. Thou dost the humble Suppliants hear,
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'st their Pray'r.
18 Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'st
the Fatherless and Poor;
That so the Tyrants of the Earth
may persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Trust in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to distant Mountains fly?
2. Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart;
Lurking in Ambush to destroy
the Man of upright Heart.

3. When once the firm Assurance fails,
which public Faith imparts,
'Tis time for Innocence to fly
from such deceitful Arts.
4. The Lord hath both a temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he surveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counsels move.

4. If

5. If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for trial, does correct;
What must the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6. Snares, Fire, and Brimstone, on their Heads
shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup shall pour.

7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds,
with signal Favour grace,
And to the upright Man disclose
the Brightness of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford
one just and faithful Friend.
2. One Neighbour now can scarce believe,
what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.

3. But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never prosper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaspheming tongue.
4. In vain those foolish Boasters say,
"Our tongues are, sure, our own;
"With doubtful Words we'll still betray,
"and be controul'd by none.

5. For

5. For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,
and their Oppression knows,
Will soon arise, and give them Rest,
in spite of all their Foes.
6. The Word of God shall still abide,
and void of Falshood be,
As is the Silver, sev'n times try'd,
from drossy Mixture free.

7. The Promise of his aiding Grace
shall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithless Race
he ever shall defend.
8. Then shall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,
shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
must I forever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me
Oh, never to return!
2. How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppress?
How long my Enemies insult,
and I have no Redress?

3. O, hear! and to my longing Eyes
restore thy wonted Light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
in everlasting Night.

4. Re-

4. Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame
Permit not them that vex my Soul,
to triumph in my ſhame.

5. Since I have always plac'd my truſt,
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring;
6. Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee, my God, aſcend,
Who, to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe,
That God is nothing but a Name:
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
No Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high Tow'r
And all the Sons of Men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r;
If any Truth or Juſtice knew.

3. But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
All were degen'rate grown, and baſe:
None took Religion for their Guide,
Not one of all the ſinful Race.
4. But can theſe Workers of Deceit
Be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
And God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?

5. How

5. How will they tremble then for Fear,
When his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake;
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
And never will their Cauſe forſake.
6. Ill Men, in vain, with Scorn expoſe
The Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
Whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.

7. Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
To break his People's ſervile Band;
Then Shouts of univerſal Joy
Shall loudy eccho thro' the Land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man, that may
to thy bleſt Courts repair;
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?
2. 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry thought and Deed,
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the thing his Heart diſproves.

3. Who never did a Slander forge,
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.
4. Who Vice, in all its pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.

Who

5. Who to his plighted Vows and truſt
has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
he makes his Promiſe good.
6. Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains
his treaſure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.

7. The Man, who by this ſteady Courſe
has Happineſs enſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand
by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty Arm.
2. My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but Thee diſown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite,
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.

3. But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
ſhall be my chief Delight.
4. How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore!
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt,
their very Names abhor.

5. My

5. My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land,
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand;
'tis He ſupports my Throne.
6. In Nature's moſt delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.

7. Therefore my ſoul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford,
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8. I ſtrive each Action to approve
to His all-ſeeing Eye;
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe He ſtill is nigh.

9. Therefore my heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in Hopes to riſe,
wak'd by His pow'rful Voice.
10. Thou, Lord when I reſign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in Death
the leaſt Corruption ſee.

11. Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
that to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without Allay,
and Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my juſt Plea, and ſad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord ;
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.

2. As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be ;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.

3. For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day,
and viſited by night ;
And, on the ſtricted Trial, found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice,, Lord alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit ;
For I have purpos'd, that my Tongue
ſhall no Offence commit.

4. I know what wicked Men would do,
their Safety to maintain ;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands
from bloody Paths reſtrain.

5. That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure,
O, guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.

6. Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
to Thee my Pray'r addreſs'd ;
O ! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.

7. The

7. The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou whose Right-hand preserves thy Saints
from their Oppressors Rage.

PART II.

8, 9. O! keep me in thy tend'rest Care;
thy shetring Wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage Foes,
that compass me about;
10. O'ergrown with Luxury, inclos'd
in their own Fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth
both God and Man defie.

11. Well may they boast; for they have now
my Paths encompass'd round;
Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd
and couching on the Ground.
12. In Posture of a Lion set,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a covert Way.

13. Arise, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their swelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul:
14. From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,
whose Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aspire
no other Bliss to know.

15 Their race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance while they live;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt remainder give.
16 But I in Uprightneſs, thy Face,
ſhall view without controul,
And, waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
my firm Affection, Lord to thee;
For thou haſt always been a Rock,
a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
2 Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God,
my truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
at Home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.

3 To thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
in Death's unweildy Fetters bound.

6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs my humble Moan:
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART

PART II.

7. When God arose, to take my Part,
The conscious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Posts the Hills did start,
Nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8. Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath, before Him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
That Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9. He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
Whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head,
Beneath his Feet substantial Night
Was, like a sable Carpet, spread.
10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,
Which active Troops of angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,
With most amazing Swiftness flew.

11, 12. Black watry Mists and Clouds conspir'd
With thickest Shades, his Face to veil;
But at His Brightness soon retir'd,
And fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13 Thro' Heavn's wide Arch a thund'ring peal
God's angry Voice, did loudly roar;
While Earth's sad Face with Heaps of Hail,
And Flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er.

14. His sharpen'd Arrows round He threw,
Which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts his nimble Light'nings flew,
And quickly finish'd their Defeat.

15. The

15. The Deep it's ſecret Stores diſclos'd,
The World's Foundation naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16. The Lord did on my Side engage;
From Heav'n, his Throne, my Cauſe upheld,
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
Of threat'ning Waves, that proudly ſwell'd.
17. God His reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
My ſtrongeſt Foes Attempts to break;
Who elſe with Eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
The weak Defence that I could make.

18. Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
When I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19. From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt Cauſe His Goodneſs found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

20. Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does His gracious Help extend;
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
Therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.
21,22. For I His Judgments kept in Sight,
In His juſt Paths have always trod!
I never did his Statutes ſlight,
Nor looſely wander'd from my God.

23, 24. But

23, 24. But ſtill my Soul, ſincere and pure,
Did e'en from darling Sins refrain:
His Favour therefore yet endure,
Becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26. Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
To various Paths of human Kind;
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
With Thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhalt Juſtice ſhow;
The Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſly chuſe to go,
Shall meet with due Returns from Thee.

27, 28. That He the humble Soul will ſave,
And cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
Whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.
29. On his firm Succour I rely'd,
And did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt He was on my Side,
The beſt defended Walls to ſcale.

30. For God's Deſign ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
His Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt:
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
And on his ſure Protection reſt.
31. Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

PART

PART V.

32,33. 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
And all my juſt Deſigns fulfils;
Through Him, my Feet can ſwiftly run,
And nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.
34. Leſſons of War from Him I take,
And manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break,
Forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.

35. The Buckler of his ſaving Health
Protects me from inſulting Foes:
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill; my Wealth
And Greatneſs from His Bounty flows.
36. My Goings He enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow Paths confin'd.
And when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
The Method of my Steps deſign'd.

37. Through Him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
And flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
Till I a final Conqueſt make.
38. Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear:
Spite of their boaſted Strength, they lie
Beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39. God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
Recruits my Strength, my Courage warms:
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40. Thro'

40. Thro' Him, the Necks of proſtrate Foes
My conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs:
Aided by Him, I root out thoſe
Who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41. With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd;
But none was able to defend:
At length to God for Help they cry'd;
But God would no Aſſiſtance lend.
42. Like flying Duſt, which Winds purſue,
Their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round:
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
Like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43. Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
By God's Appointment, me obey;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
And foreign Nations own my Sway.
44. Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
When my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
Charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.

45. All to my Summons tamely yield,
Or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
And ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46. Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt!
O'er higheſt Heav'ns His Name be rais'd,
Who me with His Salvation bleſs'd!

47. 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right :
His juſt Revenge my Foes purſue ;
'Tis He, that, with reſiſtleſs Might,
Fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.
48. My univerſal Saſeguard He !
From whom my laſting Honours flow ;
He made me great, and ſet me free
From my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.

49. Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,
My greatful Voice to Heaven I'll raiſe ;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe :
50. " God to his King Deliv'rance ſends,
" Shews his Anointed ſignal Grace :
" His mercy evermore extends
" to *David*, and his promis'd Race. "

PSALM XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord
which that alone can fill ;
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their great Creator's Skill.
2. The Dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings ;
And from the dark returns of Night
divine Inſtruction ſprings.

3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm,
or Region is confin'd ;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.

4. Their

4. Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense
through Earth's Extent display;
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5. No Bridegroom for his Nuptials dress'd,
has such a chearful Face:
No Giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.

6. From East to West, from West to East,
his restless Course he goes;
And, through his Progress, chearful Light,
and vital Warmth bestows.

PART II.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from false Desires;
With sacred Wisdom His sure Word
the Ignorant inspires.

8. The Statutes of the Lord are just,
and bring sincere Delight;
His pure Commands in search of Truth,
assist the feeblest Sight.

9. His perfect Worship here is fix'd,
on sure foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Justice weigh'd:

10. Of more Esteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb distil.

11. My

11. My trusty Counsellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on those
who by thy Precepts live.
12. But what frail Man observes how oft
he does from Virtue fall!
O, cleanse me from my secret Faults,
thou God that know'st them all.

13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great Transgression flee.
14. So shall my Prayer and Praises be
with thy acceptance blest;
And I secure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Request attend,
and hear thee in Distress;
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
and grant thy Arms success.
2. To aid thee from on High repair,
and Strength from *Sion* give;
3. Remember all thy Off'rings there;
thy Sacrifice receive.

4. To compass thy own Heart's Desire
thy Counsels still direct;
Make kindly all Events conspire
to bring them to Effect.

5. To

5. To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid,
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name disply'd;
"The Lord accept thy Pray'r."

6. Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend;
From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,
and to his Prayer attend.

7. Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,
on Chariots some rely;
Against them all, we'll call to mind
the Pow'r of God most High.

8. But, from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them through the Plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilst firm our Troops remain.

9. Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
our rightful Cause to bless;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXI.

1. THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise
shall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd, shall raise
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.

2. For thou, whate'er his Lips request,
not only dost impart.
But hast with thy Acceptance blest,
the Wishes of his Heart.

3. Thy

3. Thy Goodneſs, and thy tender Care,
have all his hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'dſt it firmly on.
4. He pray'd for Life; and thou, O Lord,
did'ſt his ſhort Span extend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5 Thy ſure Defence through Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name:
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.
6. Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe;
Whilſt thou to him, unclouded, ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7. Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
And all his Wants ſupplies.
8. But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.

9. When Thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.

10. Nor

10. Nor shall thy furious Anger cease,
or with their Ruin end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11. For all their Thoughts were set on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
But thou with watchful Care did'st still
the ill Effects prevent.

12. In vain by shameful Flight they'll try
to 'scape thy dreadful Might;
While thy swift Darts shall faster fly,
and gall them in their Flight.

13. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength disclose,
and thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilst we glad Songs of praise compose
to thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
when I with anguish faint?
O, why so far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?

2. All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to Thee do I complain;
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.

3. Yet, Thou art still the righteous Judge,
of Innocence oppress'd;
And therefore *Israel*'s Praises are
of Right to Thee address'd.

4, 5. On Thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

6. But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.
7. With Laughter all the gazing Crow'd
my Agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus, deriding ſay:

8. "In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
"that he was Heav'n's Delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now,
"and own his favourite."

PART II.

9. Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
a living offspring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care.
10. Thou, Guardian like, didſt ſhield from
my helpleſs Infant Days; [Wrongs
And ſince haſt been my God, and Guide,
through Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11. Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O, ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.

12. High-

12. High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd
from *Basan's* Foreſt met,
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beſet.

13. They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth
a yawning Grave appears;
The deſert Lion's ſavage Roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14. My Blood, like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints
are rack'd, and out of Frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.
15 My Strength, like Potters Earth, is parch'd
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death
my fainting Soul withdraws.

16. Like Blood-hounds to ſurround me, they
in pack'd Aſſemblies meet,
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17. My Body's rack'd, till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.

18. As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Veſture caſt:
19. Therefore approach O Lord, my Strength
and to my Succour haſte.

20. From

20. From their ſharp Sword protect thou me,
of all but Life bereft!
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.

21. To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
thou didſt my Life defend.
22. Then to my Brethen I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name;
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim:

23. "Ye Woſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
"all you of *Iſrael*'s Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
"ſincere Obedience join.
24. "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty His Face,
"but hears its humble Cry".

PART IV.

25. Thus in thy ſacred Courts, will I
my chearful Thanks expreſs;
In Preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26. The meek Companions of my Grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
with Joys immortal fed.

27. Then

27. Then ſhall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth
one Sov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis His ſupreme Prerogative
o'er ſubject Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.

29. The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
His Bounty muſt confeſs:
The Sons of Want, by Him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.

30, 31. Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race,
devoted to His Name,
To their admiring Heirs, His Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant Care
my Wants are all ſupply'd.
2. In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreſhing Water flows.

3. He

3. He does my wandring Soul reclaim,
and, to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous Ways.
4. I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death,
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5. In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes,
he does My Table ſpread;
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.
6. Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend,
That Life to Him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's;
The Lord's her Fulneſs is,
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign Right are His.
2. He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;
and His Almighty Hand,
Upon inconſtant Floods, has made
the ſtable Fabrick ſtand.

3. But for Himſelf this Lord of All
one choſen Seat deſign'd:
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill
deſir'd Admittance find?

4. The

4. The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure,
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free,
Who honeſt Poverty prefers,
to gainful Purjury.

5. This, this is he, on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhow'r His Bleſſings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſneſs to crown.
6. Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes, that ſeek
the Face of *Jacob*'s God.

7. Erect your Heads, eternal Gates;
unfold to entertain
The King of Glory: See! He comes
with His Celeſtial Train.
8. Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord for Strength renown'd;
In Battle mighty; o'er His Foes,
eternal Victor crown'd.

9. Erect your Heads, ye Gates; unfold
in State, to entertain
The King of Glory: See! He comes
with all His ſhining Train.
10. Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of Hoſts, renown'd;
Of Glory He alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM

PSALM XXV.

1, 2. TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice
O! let me not be put to ſhame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.

3. Thoſe who on thee rely,
let no Diſgrace attend:
Be that the ſhameful lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.

4, 5. To me thy truth impart,
and lead me in thy way:
For thou art He that brings me help;
on Thee I wait all Day.

6. Thy Mercies, and thy Love,
O Lord, recall to Mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever kind.

7. Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous goodneſs' ſake,
in Mercy think on me.

8. His Mercy, and his Truth,
The righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his ways.

9. He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the humble and the meek.

10. Through all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11. Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame;
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12. Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
in all his righteous Ways.

13. His quiet Soul with Peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
ſucceſſively poſſeſs'd.
14. For God to all his Saints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.

15 To Him I lift my Eyes,
and wait His timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare
which for my Feet was laid.
16. O! turn, and all my Griefs,
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.

17. The

17. The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe;
O! from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18. Do Thou, with tender Eyes,
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely ſet me free.

19. Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
20. Protect, and ſet my Soul,
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in Thee.

21. Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe;
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
on Thee alone relies.
22. To *Iſrael's* choſen Race
continue ever kind;
And, in the midſt of all their Wants,
let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE, me, O Lord; for I the Paths
of Righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt
repoſe on Thee, my God.

2, 3. Search,

2,3. Search prove my Heart, whose Innocence
will shine, the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in View,
and made thy truth my guide.

4. I never for Companions took
the idle or prophane;
No Hypocrite, with all his arts,
could e'er my friendship gain.
5. I hate the busy, plotting Crew,
who make distracted times;
And shun their wicked company,
as I avoid their crimes.

6. I'll wash my hands in Innocence,
and bring a heart so pure,
That, when thy altar I approach,
my welcome shall be sure.
7, 8. My thanks I'll publish there, and tell,
how thy renown excels:
That Seat affords me most Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.

9. Pass not on me the sinners doom,
who murder make their trade;
10. Whom others rights, by secret bribes,
or open force, invade.
11. But I will walk in paths of truth,
and Innocence pursue:
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy mercies, Lord, renew.

12. In ſpite of all aſſaulting Foes,
I ſtill maintain my ground;
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy ſaints,
thy praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
is ſaving health and Light?
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports,
what can my ſoul affright?
2. With fierce intent my fleſh to tear,
when foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty Creſts
were made to ſtrike the ground.
3. Thro' him, my heart, undaunted, dares
with num'rous hoſts to cope;
Thro' him in doubtful ſtreights of war
for good ſucceſs I hope.
4. Henceforth within his houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire;
His wond'rous beauty there to view,
and his bleſt will inquire.
5. For there may I with comfort reſt,
in times of deep diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a Rock abide
in that ſecure Receſs:
6. Whilſt God o'er all my haughty foes
my lofty head ſhall raiſe;
And I my joyful off'ring bring,
and ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

PART

PART II.

7. Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my pray'rs receive,
nor my requeſt deny.
8. When us to ſeek thy glorious face
Thou kindly doſt adviſe;
"Thy glorious face I'll always ſeek,"
my grateful heart replies.
9. Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
nor me in wrath reject:
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10. Tho' all my Friends, and neareſt kin,
their helpleſs charge forſake;
Yet thou, whoſe love excels them all,
wilt care and pity take.
11. Inſtruct me in thy paths, O Lord;
my ways directly guide;
Leſt envious men, who watch my ſteps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12. Lord, diſappoint my cruel foes;
defeat their ill deſire,
Whoſe lying lips, and bloody hands,
againſt my peace conſpire.
13. I truſted that my future life
ſhould with thy love be crown'd;
Or elſe my fainting ſoul had ſunk,
with ſorrow compaſs'd round.

14. God's time with patient faith expect,
and He'll inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
and leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
in sighs consume my Breath.
O! answer; or I shall become
like those that sleep in death.
2. Regard my supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
before thy Mercy-seat.

3. Let me escape the sinners doom,
who make a Trade of Ill;
And ever speak the person fair,
whose Blood they mean to spill.
4. According to their Crimes extent,
let Justice have its course:
Relentless be to them, as they
have sinn'd without remorse.

5. Since they the Works of God despise,
nor will his Grace adore;
His wrath shall utterly destroy,
and build them up no more.
6. But I, with due Acknowledgement,
his praises will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
a gracious answer found.

7. My

7. My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my ſtrength and ſhield;
In him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the field:
As he has made my Joys complete,
'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful tribute of my thanks,
and thus reſound his praiſe:

8. "His aiding pow'r ſupports the troops
"that my juſt cauſe maintain:
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne,
"'tis he ſecures my reign."
9. Preſerve thy choſen, and proceed
thine heritage to bleſs:
With plenty proſper them, in peace;
in battle, with ſucceſs.

PSALM XXIX.

YE princes that in might excel,
Your greatful ſacrifice prepare
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
2. To his great name freſh altars raiſe;
Devoutly due reſpect afford;
Him in his holy temple praiſe,
Where he's with ſolemn ſtate ador'd.

3. 'Tis he that with amazing noiſe
The watry clouds in ſunder breaks:
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from Heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.

4, 5. How

4, 5. How full of pow'r his voice appears!
With what majeſtic terror crown'd!
Which from the roots tall cedars tears,
And ſtrews their ſcatter'd branches round.

6. They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8. When God in thunder loudly ſpeaks,
And ſcatter'd flames of lightning ſends,
The foreſt nods, the deſart quakes,
And ſtubborn *Kadeſh* lowly bends.

9. He makes the hinds to caſt their young,
And lays the beaſts dark coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his courts belong,
Securely ſing his praiſes there.
10, 11. God rules the angry floods on high:
His boundleſs ſway ſhall never ceaſe:
His people he'll with ſtrength ſupply,
And bleſs his own with conſtant peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy praiſes, Lord,
who didſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping head, and check
my foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3. In my diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs life retrieve.

4. Thus

4. Thus to his courts, ye ſaints of his,
with ſongs of praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
and providential care.
5. His wrath has but a moment's reign;
His favour no decay:
Your night of grief is recompens'd
with joy's returning day.

6. But I, in proſp'rous days, preſum'd;
no ſudden change I fear'd;
Whilſt in my ſun-ſhine of ſucceſs
no low'ring cloud appear'd.
7. But ſoon I found thy favour, Lord,
my empire's only truſt;
For when thou hidd'ſt thy face, I ſaw
my Honour laid in duſt.

8. Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my error I confeſs'd;
And thus with ſupplicating Voice,
thy mercy's throne addreſs'd:
9. "What profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by death's cold night?
"Can ſilent aſhes ſpeak thy praiſe,
"thy wond'rous truth recite?

10. "Hear me, O Lord; in mercy hear;
"thy wonted aid extend:
"Do thou ſend help, on whom alone
"I can for help depend."

11. 'Tis

11. 'Tis done! Thou hast my mournful scene
to songs and dances turn'd;
Invested me in Robes of state,
who late in Sack-cloth mourn'd.

12. Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
thy Praise in greatful Verse;
And, as thy Favours endless are,
thy endless Praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame;
for still I trust in thee:
As Just and righteous is thy name,
from danger set me free.

2. Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and speedy succour send:
Do thou my stedfast Rock appear,
to shelter and defend.

3. Since thou, when foes oppress,
my rock and Fortress art,
To guide me forth from this Distress,
thy wonted help impart.

4. Release me from the snare
which they have closely laid;
Since I, O God, my strength, repair
to Thee alone for aid.

5. To thee, the God of truth,
my Life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my Youth,)
I willingly resign.

6. All

6. All vain designs I hate,
of those that trust in lies:
And still my soul, in ev'ry state,
to God for succour flies.

PART II.

7. Those mercies thou hast shown,
I'll chearfully express;
For thou hast seen my streights, and known
my soul in deep Distress.
8. When *Keilah*'s treach'rous Race
did all my strength inclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space,
to shun my watchful Foes.

9. Thy mercy, Lord, display,
and hear my just complaint;
For both my soul and flesh decay,
with Grief and hunger faint.
10. Sad thoughts my life oppress;
my Years are spent in Groans;
My sins have made my Strength decrease,
and ev'n consum'd my bones.

11. My foes, my suff'rings mock'd;
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My friends, at sight of me were shock'd,
and fled as men dismay'd.
12. Forsook by all am I,
as dead, and out of mind;
And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,
whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.

13. Yet ſland'rous words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my pow'r to dread;
Whilſt they together counſel take,
my guiltleſs blood to ſhed.
14. But ſtill my ſtedfaſt truſt,
I on thy help repoſe:
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my Soul with comfort knows.

PART III.

15. Whate'er events betide,
thy wiſdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy ſervant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his fall.
16. The brightneſs of thy face,
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my foes.

17. Me from diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on thee;
Let that, and ſilence in the grave,
the ſinner's portion be.
18. Do thou their tongues reſtrain;
whoſe breath in lies is ſpent;
Who falſe reports, with proud diſdain,
againſt the righteous vent.

19. How great thy mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy name;
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy care,
doſt to the world proclaim!

20. Thou

20. Thou keep'ſt them in thy ſight,
from proud Oppreſſors free:
From tongues that do in ſtrife delight,
they are preſery'd by thee.

21. With glory and renown,
God's name be ever bleſs'd;
Whoſe love in *Keilah*'s well-fenc'd town
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!

22. I ſaid, in haſty flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine eyes:"
Yet ſtill thou kepſt me in thy ſight,
and hearſt my earneſt cries.

23. O! all ye ſaints, the Lord
with eager love purſue;
Who to the Juſt will help afford,
and give the proud their due.

24. Ye that on God rely,
courageouſly proceed;
For he will ſtill your hearts ſupply
with ſtrength, in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE'sbleſt, whoſeſinshave pardon gain'd
No more in Judgment to appear;
2. Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe repentance is ſincere.
3. While I conceal'd the fretting ſore,
My bones conſum'd without relief!
All day did I with anguiſh roar;
But no complaints aſſwag'd my grief.

4. Heavy

4. Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike diſtreſs'd;
Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
Like land with ſummer's drought oppreſs'd,
5. No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
The guilt that tortûr'd me within,
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

6. True penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
Who ſeek thee whilſt thou mayſt be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall ſee remorſeleſs ſinners drown'd.
7. Thy favour, Lord, in all diſtreſs,
My tow'r of refuge I muſt own:
Thou ſhalt my haughty foes ſuppreſs,
And me with ſongs of triumph crown.

8. In my inſtruction then confide,
You that would truth's ſafe path deſcry:
Your progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.
9. Submit yourſelves to wiſdom's rules,
Like men that reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd horſe and mule,
Whoſe fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.

10. Sorrows, on ſorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd ſinner ſhall confound:
But them who in his truth confide,
Bleſſings of mercy ſhall ſurround.

11. His Saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumphs ſhall employ :
Let them (as they alone have cauſe)
In grateful raptures ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raiſe ;
For well the righteous it becomes
to ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

2, 3. Let harps and pſalteries, and lutes,
in joyful concert meet ;
And new-made ſongs of loud applauſe
the harmony complete.

4, 5. For faithful is the word of God :
His works with truth abound :
He Juſtice loves ; and all the earth
is with his goodneſs crown'd.

6. By his almighty word, at firſt,
Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hoſts of light,
at his command appear'd.

7. The ſwelling floods, together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a ſtore-houſe ſafe,
the watry treaſure by.

8, 9. Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
before him trembling ſtand :
For, when he ſpake the word, 'twas made :
'twas fix'd at his command.

10. He

10. He, when the heathen closely plot,
their counsels undermines:
His wisdom ineffectual makes
the people's rash designs.
11. Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
to ages shall endure.

PART II.

12. How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
has chosen for his own.
13, 14, 15. He all the nations of the earth
from Heav'n, his throne, survey'd:
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts
by him their hearts were made.
16, 17. No king is safe by num'rous hosts,
their strength the strong deceives;
No manag'd horse, by force or speed,
his warlike rider saves.
18, 19. 'Tis God, who those that trust in him,
beholds with gracious eyes:
He frees their soul from death; their want,
in time of dearth, supplies.
20, 21. Our soul on God with patience waits
our help and shield is he!
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
because we trust in thee.

22. The-

22. The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing scenes of Life
in trouble, and in Joy,
The praises of my God shall still
my heart and tongue employ.
2. Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
and charm their griefs to rest.
3. O! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name :
4. When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
5. Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd
who look'd to him for aid :
Desir'd success in ev'ry face
a chearful air display'd :
6. " Behold (say they) behold the man,
" whom providence reliev'd ;
" So dang'rously with woes beset,
" so wond'rously retriev'd !"
7. The hosts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his succour trust.

8. O!

8. O! make but trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſt they are, and only they,
who in his truth confide.
9. Fear him, ye ſaints; and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear:
Make you his Service your delight;
He'll make your wants his Care.

10. While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will food provide
For ſuch as put their truſt in him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11. Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction hear;
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
of his religious Fear.
12. Let him who length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous days would ſee,
13 From ſland'ring language keep his tongue
his Lips from falſhood free:

14. The crooked paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways purſue:
Eſtabliſh peace where 'tis begun;
and where 'tis loſt, renew.
15. The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
with favourable Eyes;
And, when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:

16. But

16. But turns his wrathful look on thoſe
whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
blot out their hated Name.
17. Deliv'rance to his ſaints he gives,
when his Relief they crave:
18. He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
and contrite ſpirit ſave.

19. The wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire;
20. For, under their affliction's Weight,
he keeps their bones entire.
21. The Wicked, from their wicked arts,
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and their's ſurvive.

22. For God preſerves the ſouls of thoſe,
who on his truth depend:
To them, and their Poſterity,
His bleſſing ſhall deſcend,

PSALM XXXV.

AGAINST all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my right:
With ſuch as war unjuſtly wage,
do thou my Battles fight.
2. Thy Buckler take, and bind thy ſhield
upon thy warlike Arm:
Stand up, my God, in my defence;
and keep me ſafe from Harm.

3. Bring

3. Bring forth thy ſpear, and ſtop their courſe
that haſte my blood to ſpill:
Say to my ſoul, "I am thy health,
"and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4. Let them with ſhame be cover'd o'er,
who my deſtruction fought;
And ſuch as did my harm deviſe.
be to confuſion brought.

5. Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like chaff
before the driving wind:
God's vengeful miniſter of wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6. And when, thro' dark and ſlipp'ry ways
they ſtrive his rage to ſhun,
His vengeful miniſters of wrath
ſhall goad them, as they run.

7. Since, unprovok'd by any wrong,
they hid their treach'rous ſnare;
And for my harmleſs ſoul a pit,
did without cauſe prepare;
8. Surpris'd by miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own arts betray'd,
Their feet ſhall fall into the net,
which they for me have laid;

9. Whilſt my glad ſoul ſhall God's great name
for this deliv'rance bleſs;
And, by his ſaving health ſecur'd,
its greatful joy expreſs:

10. My

10. My very bones shall say, "O Lord,
"who can compare with thee?
"Who sett'st the poor and helpless man
"from strong oppressors free.

PART II.

11. False witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
against my truth combin'd;
And to my charge such Things they laid
as I had ne'er design'd.
12. The good which I to them had done,
with evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserv'd,
my harmless life invade.

13. But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in sackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r
to my own breast return'd.
14. Had they my friends, or brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent signs of Grief
a mother's loss deplore.

15. How diff'rent did their carriage prove,
in times of my distress!
When they, in crouds together met,
did savage joys express.
The rabble too, in num'rous throngs,
by their example, came;
And ceas'd not with reviling words
to wound my spotless fame.

19. Scoffers,

16. Scoffers, that noble tables haunt,
and earn their bread with Lyes,
Did gnash their teeth, and bland'rous jests
maliciously devise.
17. But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
On my behalf appear;
And save my guiltless soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beasts, would tear.

PART III.

18. So I, before the list'ning World,
shall grateful thanks express;
And where the great assembly meets,
thy name with praises bless.
19. Lord, suffer not my causeless foes,
who me unjustly hate,
With open joy, or secret signs,
to mock my sad estate.

20. For they, with hearts averse from peace
industriously devise,
Against the men of quiet minds,
to forge malicious lyes.
21. Nor with these private Arts content,
aloud they vent their spite;
And say, "At last we found him out;
"he did it in our sight."

22. But thou, who dost both them and me
with righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.

23. Stir

23. Stir up thyſelf in my behalf,
to Judgment, Lord, awake:
Thy righteous ſervant's cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.

24. Lord, as my heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain
the triumph they deſign'd.

25. O! let them not, amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting language ſay,
"At length our wiſhes are complete;
"at laſt he's made our prey."

26. Let ſuch as in my harm rejoic'd,
for ſhame their faces hide;
And foul diſhonour wait on thoſe,
that proudly me defy'd:

27. Whilſt they with chearful voices ſhout,
who my juſt cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
ſucceſs his ſaints attend.

28. So ſhall my tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy;
And chearful hymns, in praiſe of thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty foes, with flatt'ring art,
His wicked purpoſe would diſguiſe,
But reaſon whiſpers to my heart,
No fear of God's before his Eyes.

2. He

2. He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from ſight;
Secure he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots, expos'd to light,
Their falſe contriver brand with ſhame.

3. In deeds he is my foe confeſs'd,
Whilſt with his tongue he ſpeaks me fair:
True wiſdom's baniſh'd from his breaſt,
And vice has ſole dominion there.
4. His wakeful malice ſpends the night
In forging his accurs'd deſigns;
His obſtinate, ungen'rous ſpite
No execrable means declines.

5. But, Lord, thy mercy, my ſure hope,
The higheſt orb of Heav'n tranſcends;
Thy ſacred truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope
Beyond the ſparkling ſkies extends.
6. Thy Juſtice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the world ſuſtains;
The whole creation is thy care.

7. Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt!
8. Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repaſt:
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that ſhall forever laſt.

9. With

9. With thee the ſprings of life remain;
Thy preſence is eternal day:
10. O! let thy ſaints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt pride's inſulting foot would ſpurn
And wicked hand my life ſurpriſe;
12. Their miſchiefs on themſelves return;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great
7 Yet let not their ſucceſsful ſtate
Thy anger, or thy envy, raiſe:
2. For they, cut down, like tender graſs,
Or like young flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe blooming beauty ſoon decays.

3. Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from danger, and from want;
4. Make his commands thy chief delight:
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.

5. In all thy ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect ev'ry juſt deſign;
6. He'll make, like light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day ſun to ſhine.
7. With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;

Nor

Nor let thy anger fondly riſe,
Tho' wicked men with wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8. From anger ceaſe, and wrath forſake;
Let no ungovern'd paſſion make
Thy wav'ring heart eſpoſe their crime:
9. For God ſhall ſinful men deſtroy;
Whilſt only they the land enjoy,
Who truſt on him, and wait his time.

10. How ſoon ſhall wicked men decay!
Their place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found;
11. Whilſt humble ſouls poſſeſs the earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12. While ſinful crowds, with falſe deſign,
Againſt the righteous few combine,
And gnaſh their teeth, and threat'ning ſtand;
13. God ſhall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride:
He ſees their ruin near at hand.

14. They draw the ſword, and bend the bow,
The poor and needy to o'rethrow,
And men of upright lives to ſlay:
15. But their ſtrong bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd weapon's mortals ſtroke
Thro' their own hearts ſhall force its way.

16. A

16. A little, with God's favour bleſt,
That's by one righteous man poſſeſs'd,
The wealth of many bad excels:
17. For God ſupports the juſt man's cauſe;
But, as for thoſe that break his laws,
Their unſucceſsful pow'r he quells.

18. His conſtant care the upright guides,
And over all their life preſides;
Their portion ſhall forever laſt:
19. They, when diſtreſs o'erwhelms the earth
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in death
The happy fruits of plenty taſte.

20. Not ſo the wicked men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare God's will oppoſe:
Deſtruction is their hapleſs ſhare:
Like fat of lambs, their hopes, and they,
Shall in an inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into ſmoke and air.

PART III.

21. While ſinners, brought to ſad decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The juſt have will and pow'r to give;
22. For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the earth poſſeſs;
And thoſe he curſes, ſhall not live.

23. The good man's way is God's delight;
He orders all the ſteps aright,
Of him that moves by his command;

24. Though he sometimes may be distress'd:
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd;
For God upholds him with his hand.

25. From my first youth, till age prevail'd
I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race:
26. Because compassion fill'd his heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase.

27. With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
28. For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

29, 30, 31. The upright shall possess the land:
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supply'd;
His tongue by rule of judgment moves;
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

32. In wait the watchful sinner lies,
In vain, the righteous to surprise;
In vain, his ruin does decree:
33. God will not him defenceless leave,
To his revenge expos'd, but save;
And, when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

34. Wait

34. Wait ſtill on God ; keep his command ;
And thou, exalted in the land,
Thy bleſt poſſeſſion ne'er ſhalt quit,
The wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal tragedy
Thou ſhalt a ſafe ſpectator ſit.

35. The wicked I in pow'r have ſeen,
And like a bay-tree, freſh and green,
That ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round,
36. But he was gone as ſwift as thought ;
And tho' in ev'ry place I fought,
No ſign or track of him I found.

37. Obſerve the perfect man with care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are ;
Their roughest days in peace ſhall end :
38. While on the latter end of thoſe,
Who dare God's ſacred will oppoſe,
A common ruin ſhall attend.

39. God to the juſt will aid afford :
Their only ſafeguard is the Lord ;
Their ſtrength, in time of need, is he :
40. Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The lord will timely ſuccour ſend,
And from the wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

THY chaſt'ning wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
tho' I deſerve it all ;
Nor let at once on me the ſtorm
of thy diſpleaſure fall.

2. In ev'ry wretched part of me
thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more ſuſtain.

3. My fleſh is one continu'd wound,
Thy wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my puniſhment and guilt,
my bones have no repoſe.
4. My ſins, which to a deluge ſwell,
my ſinking head o'erflow;
And, for my feeble ſtrength to bear,
too vaſt a burden grow.

5. Stench and corruption fill my wounds,
my folly's juſt return:
6. With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all day long I mourn.
7. A loath'd diſeaſe afflicts my loins,
infecting ev'ry part;
8. With ſickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' anguiſh of my heart.

PART II.

9. But, Lord, before thy ſearching eyes
all my deſires appear;
And, ſure, my groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine ear.
10. My heart oppreſs'd, my ſtrength decay'd
my eyes depriv'd of light:
11. Friends, lovers, kinſmen, gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal ſight.

11. Mean

12. Mean while, the foes that seek my life,
their snares to take me set;
Vent slanders, and contrive all day
to forge some new deceit.
13. But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd;
14. Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue
with conscious guilt is ty'd.

15. For Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd cause wilt hear.
16. "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud foes
"a spiteful joy display;
"Insulting, if they see my foot
"but once to go astray."

17. And, with continual grief oppress'd,
to sink I now begin,
18. To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To thee bewail my sin.
19. But whilst I languish, my proud foes
their strength and vigour boast;
And they who hate me without cause,
are grown a dreadful host.

20. Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
my kindness with despite;
And are my enemies, because
I chuse the path that's right.

21. Forsake

21. Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart;
22. Make haste to my relief, O thou
who my salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty words when I
the prosp'rous wicked saw.
2. Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
and did my tongne refrain
From good discourse; but that restraint
increas'd my inward pain.

3. My heart did glow, which working tho'ts
did hot and restless make;
And warm reflections fann'd the fire,
till thus at length I spake:
4. Lord, let me know my term of days,
how soon my life will end:
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
which this frail state attend.

5. My life, thou know'st, is but a span;
a cypher sums my years;
And ev'ry man in best estate,
but vanity appears.
6. Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitless care oppress'd:
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.

7. Why

7. Why then ſhould I on worthleſs toys,
with anxious Care, attend?
On thee alone my ſtedfaſt hope
ſhall ever, Lord depend,
8, 9. Forgive my ſins; nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh ſinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmer'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by thee.

10. The dreadful burden of thy wrath
in mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy load ſhould prove.
11. For when thou chaſt'neſt man for ſin,
thou mak'ſt his beauty fade
(So vain a Thing is he!) like cloth
by fretting moths decay'd.

12. Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
and liſten to my pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a ſtranger here,
as all my fathers were.
13. O! ſpare me yet a little time,
my waſted ſtrength reſtore,
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

I Waited meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchſaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

2. He

2. He took me from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
And suffer'd not my steps to stray.

3. The wonders he for me has wrought,
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
4. For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

5. Who can the wond'rous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.
6. I've learnt, that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,
For man's transgression to atone.

7. I therefore come——come to fulfil
The oracles thy Book impart:
8. 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

PART II.

9. In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips with-hold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge:

10. Nor

10. Nor kept within my breaſt confin'd,
Thy faithfulneſs, and ſaving grace;
But preach'd thy love, for all deſign'd,
That all might that, and truth, embrace.

11. Then let thoſe mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me:
Thy loving kindneſs my reward,
Thy truth my ſafe protection be.
12. For I with troubles am diſtreſs'd,
Too vaſt and numberleſs to bear;
Nor leſs with loads of guilt oppreſs'd,
That plunge and ſink me to deſpair.

As ſoon, alas! I may recount
The hairs on this afflicted head;
My vanquiſh'd courage they ſurmount,
And fill my drooping ſoul with dread.

PART III.

13. But, Lord, to my relief draw near;
For never was more preſſing need:
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance ſpeed.
14. Confuſion on their heads return,
Who to deſtroy my ſoul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.

15. Their doom let deſolation be,
With ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And ſport of my affliction made:

16. While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy face,
To joyful triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving grace,
With me reſound, the Lord be prais'd.

17. Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
Of me th' almighty Lord takes care:
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
To my relief with ſpeed rapair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the man, whoſe tender care
relives the poor diſtreſs'd!
When he's by troubles compaſs'd round,
the Lord ſhall give him reſt.

2. The lord his life, with bleſſings crown'd,
in ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of thoſe
that ſeek to do him wrong.

3. If he in languiſhing eſtate,
oppreſs'd with ſickneſs, lie:
The Lord will eaſy make his bed,
and inward ſtrength ſupply.

4. Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r addreſs'd:
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my ſoul,
"tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd."

5. My cruel foes with ſland'ring words,
attempt to wound my fame:
"When ſhall he die (ſay they), and men
"forget his very name?"

6. Suppoſe

6. Suppoſe they formal viſits make,
'tis all but empty ſhow:
They gather miſchief in their hearts,
and vent it where they go.

7,8. With private whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe:
"A ſore diſeaſe afflicts him now;
"he's fall'n, no more to riſe."

9. My own familiar boſom-friend,
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily gueſt he was,
with open ſcorn defy'd.

10. But thou my ſad and wretched ſtate,
in mercy, Lord, regard
And raiſe me up, that all their crimes
may meet their juſt reward.

11. By this I know, thy gracious ear
is open when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuffer'ſt not my foes
to triumph in my fall.

12. Thy tender care ſecures my life
from danger and diſgrace:
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious face.

13. Let therefore Iſrael's Lord and God
from age to age be bleſt;
And all the people's glad applauſe
with loud amens expreſs'd.

PSALM

PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
when heated in the chace ;
So longs my ſoul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreſhing grace.
2. For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty ſoul doth pine :
O ! when ſhall I behold thy face,
Thou majeſty divine ?

3. Tears are my conſtant food, while thus
inſulting foes upbraid :
" Deluded wretch ! where's now thy God ?
" and where his promis'd aid ? "
4. I ſigh whene'er my muſing thoughts
thoſe happy days preſent,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
thy temple did frequent ;

When I advanc'd with ſongs of praiſe,
my ſolemn vows to pay ;
And led the joyful ſacred throng,
that kept the feſtal day.
5. Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul ?
Truſt God ; and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change theſe ſighs
to thankful hymns of joy.

6. My ſoul's caſt down, O God ; but thinks
on thee, and Sion, ſtill ;
From Jordan's bank from Hermon's heights
and Miſſar's humbler hill. 7. One

7. One trouble calls another on;
and, burſting o'er my head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my ſoul,
a roaring ſea is ſpread.

8. But when thy preſence, Lord of life,
has once diſpell'd this ſtorm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems ſing,
and all my vows perform.

9. God of my ſtrength, how long ſhall I,
like one forgotten mourn,
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my oppreſſors ſcorn?

10. My heart is pierc'd, as with a ſword,
whilſt thus my foes upbraid;
"Vain boaſter, where is now thy God?
"and where his promis'd aid?"

12. Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Hope ſtill; and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God,
they health's eternal ſpring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of heav'n againſt my foes
Do thou aſſert my injur'd right:
O! ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
That in deceit and wrong delight.

2. Since thou art ſtill my only ſtay,
Why leav'ſt thou me in deep diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilſt me inſulting foes oppreſs?

3. Let

3. Let me with light and truth be bleſt;
Be theſe my guide and lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I reſt,
And in thy ſacred temple pray.
4. Then will I there freſh alters raiſe
To God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with ſongs of praiſe,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

5. Why then caſt down, my ſoul? and why
So much oppreſs'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely;
Who will thy ruin'd ſtate repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
in our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
and elder times than theirs:
2. How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the heathen from this land,
Diſpeopled by repeated ſtrokes
of thy avenging hand.

3. For not their courage, nor their ſword,
to them poſſeſſion gave;
Nor ſtrength, that, from unequal force,
their fainting troops could ſave;
But thy right-hand, and pow'rful arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd;
Thy preſence with the choſen race,
who thy great name ador'd.

4. As

4. As thee their God our fathers own'd ;
Thou art our Sov'reign king ;
O ! therefore, as thou did'ſt to them,
to us deliv'rance bring !
5. Thro' thy victorious name, our arms
the proudeſt foes ſhall quell ;
And cruſh them with repeated ſtrokes,
as oft as they rebel.
6. I'll neither truſt my bow, nor ſword,
when I in fight engage ;
7. But thee, who haſt our foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful rage.
8. To thee the triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the conqueſt came :
In God we will rejoice all day,
and ever bleſs his name.

PART II.

9. But thou haſt caſt us off ; and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield ;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
Our armies to the field.
10. Since when, to ev'ry upſtart foe
we turn our backs in fight ;
And with our ſpoil their malice feaſt,
who bear us antient ſpite.
11. To ſlaughter doom'd, we fall like ſheep,
into their butch'ring hands ;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive,
diſpers'd thro' heathen lands.
12. Thy

12. Thy people thou haſt ſold for ſlaves ;
and ſet their price ſo low,
That not thy treaſure, by the ſale,
but their diſgrace, may grow ;

13; 14. Reproach by all the nations round,
the heathens bye-word grown ;
Whoſe ſcorn of us is both in ſpeech,
and mocking geſtures, ſhown.

15. Confuſion ſtrikes me blind ; my face
in conſcious ſhame I hide ;
16. While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſ-
by their licentious pride. [phem'd,

PART III.

17. On us this heap of woes is fall'n ;
all this we have endur'd ;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name,
or faith to thee abjur'd :
18. But in thy righteous paths have kept
our hearts and ſteps with care ;
19. Tho' thou haſt broken all our ſtrength,
and we almoſt deſpair.

20. Could we, forgetting thy great name,
on other gods rely,
21. And not the ſearcher of all hearts
the treach'rous crime deſcry ?
22. Thou ſeeſt what ſuff'rings for thy ſake
we ev'ry day ſuſtain ;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like ſheep
appointed to be ſlain.

23. Awake,

23. Awake, arise; let seeming sleep
no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
forever sue in vain.
24. O! wherefore hidest thou thy face
from our afflicted state,
25. Whose souls and bodies sink to earth
with grief's oppressive weight?
26. Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
to our deliv'rance make:
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
yet for thy mercies sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
that writes with ready art.
2. How matchless is thy form, O king!
thy mouth with Grace o'erflows:
Because fresh blessings God on thee
eternally bestows.
3. Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince;
and, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r,
majestic pomp display.
4. Ride on in state, and still protect
the meek, the Just, and true;
Whilst thy right-hand with swift revenge
does all thy foes pursue.

5. How

5. How ſharp thy weapons are to them
that dare thy pow'r oppoſe!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart
the feather'd arrow goes.
6. But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy ſceptre's ſway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous laws ſecure.
7. Becauſe thy heart, by juſtice led,
did upright ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked paths,
where wand'ring ſinners rove;
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the oil of gladneſs ſhed;
And has, above thy fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty head.
8. With caſſia, aloes, and myrrh,
thy royal robes abound;
Which, from the ſtately wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful odours round;
9. Among the honourable train
did princely virgins wait;
The Queen was plac'd at thy right-hand,
in golden robes of ſtate.

PART II.

10. But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
and to my words attend:
Forget thy native country now,
and ev'ry former friend.

11. So

11. So shall thy beauty charm the king,
nor shall his Love decay:
For he is now become thy Lord;
to him due rev'rence pay.
12. The tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
shall humble presents make;
And all the wealthy nations sue,
thy favour to partake.

13 The king's fair daughter's beauteous soul
all inward Graces fill;
Her raiment is of purest Gold,
adorn'd with costly Skill.
14. She in her nuptial garments dress'd,
with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin train,
shall to the king be brought.

15. With all the state of solemn joy,
the triumph moves along;
Till, with wide gates, the royal court
receives the pompous throng.
16. Thou, in thy royal father's room,
must princely sons expect:
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send,
to govern and protect:

17. Whilst this my song to future times
transmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the world with one consent
thy lasting Praise proclaim.

PSALM

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our refuge in diſtreſs ;
A preſent help, when dangers preſs :
In him, undaunted, we'll confide :
2, 3. Tho' earth were from her centre toſs'd
And mountains in the ocean loſt,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

4. A gentler ſtream with gladneſs ſtill
The city of our Lord ſhall fill,
The royal ſeat of God moſt high ;
5. God dwells in *Sion*, whoſe fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' aſſaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

6. In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and diſpers'd their pow'rs.
7. The Lord of hoſt conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers guardian God, and ours.

8. Come ſee the wonders he has wrought,
On earth what deſolation brought ;
9. How he has calm'd the jarring world :
He broke the warlike ſpear and bow ;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

10. Submit to God's almighty ſway ;
For him the heathen ſhall obey,
And earth her ſov'reign Lord confeſs :

11. The

11. The God of hosts conducts our Arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our Fathers in Distress.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2, O All ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant Voices sing:
No Force the mighty pow'r withstands
Of God, the universal King.
3. 4. He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.

5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the chearful song go round.
7, 8. Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him, who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

9. Our chiefs, and tribes, that far from hence
T' adore the God of *Abr'am* came;
Found Him their constant sure Defence,
How great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd
In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount
his sacred throne is rais'd.

2. Her

2. Her tow'rs, the Joy of all the earth,
with beauteous proſpect riſe ;
On her north-ſide th' almighty king's
imperial city lies.

3. God in her palaces is known :
his preſence is her guard :
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their ſiege,
and of ſucceſs deſpair'd.
5. They view'd her walls, admir'd, and fled,
with grief and terror ſtruck ;
6. Like women whom the ſudden pangs
of travail had o'ertook.

7. No wretched crew of mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from tarſhiſh' wealthy coaſts
by eaſtern winds are torn.
8. In Sion we have ſeen perform'd
a work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
his city will uphold.

9. Nor in our fortreſſes and walls
did we, O God, confide ;
But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
in which thou doſt reſide.
10. According to thy ſov'reign name,
thy praiſe thro' earth extends ;
Thy powr'ful arm, as juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes, or defends.

11. Let Sion's mount with joy resound,
her Daughters all be taught,
In songs his Judgments to extol,
who this deliv'rance wrought.
12. Compass her walls with solemn pomp;
your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there
you find one Stone displac'd.
13. Her forts and palaces survey;
observe their Order well;
That, with assurance, to your heirs
this Wonder you may tell.
14. This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1 LET all the list'ning World attend,
and my Instructions hear:
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
with joint Consent give ear:
2. My mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
shall good advice impart;
The sound result of prudent thoughts,
digested in my heart.
3. To parables of weighty sense
I will my ear incline;
While to my tuneful harp I sing,
dark Words of deep Design.

5. Why

5. Why ſhould my courage fail in times
of danger and of doubt ;
When ſinners, that would me ſupplant,
have compaſs'd me about ?

6. Thoſe men, that all their hope and truſt
in heaps of treaſure place ;
And boaſting, triumph, when they ſee
their ill-got wealth increaſe ;
7. Are yet unable from the grave
their deareſt friend to free ;
Nor can, by force of coſtly bribes,
reverſe God's firm decree.

8, 9. Their vain endeavours they muſt quit;
the price is held too high :
No ſums can purchaſe ſuch a grant,
that man ſhould never die.
10. Not wiſdom can the wiſe exempt,
nor fools their folly ſave ;
But both muſt periſh, and, in death,
their wealth to others leave.

11. For tho' they think their ſtately ſeats
ſhall ne'er to ruin fall ;
But their remembrance laſt in lands
which by their names they call ;
12. Yet ſhall their fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State :
With beaſts their memory, and they,
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART.

PART II.

13. How great their Folly is, who thus
absurd Conclusions make!
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the gross mistake.
14. They all, like sheep to slaughter led,
the prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the Just rejoice,
within the grave shall fade.

15. But God will yet redeem my soul;
and from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r shall set me free,
and to himlelf receive.
16. Then fear not thou, when worldly men
in envy'd wealth abound;
Nor tho' their prosp'rous house increase,
with state and honour crown'd.

17. For, when they're summon'd hence by death;
they leave all this behind;
No shadow of their former pomp
within the grave they find:
18. And yet they tho't their state was blest,
caught in the flatt'rer's snare;
Who praises those that slight all else,
and of themselves take care.

19. In their forefathers steps they tread;
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors, and they,
in endless darkness lie.

20. For man, how great soe'er his state;
unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives,
so, like a beast, he dies.

PSALM L.

1 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
2 Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light, till day declines:
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

3, 4. Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd Silence, as before;
But wasting flames before him send:
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
While he does heav'n and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

5, 6. Assemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree),
That in my lasting cov'nant live;
And Off'rings bring with constant care:
(The heav'ns his Justice shall declare;
For God himself shall sentence give).

7. Attend, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
8. 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

9. Will

9. Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy ſtall I'll take,
Nor He-goat from thy fold accept:
10. The Foreſt Beaſts, that range alone,
The cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thouſand hills are kept.

11. I know the fowls, that build their neſts
In craggy rocks; and ſavage beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open fields:
12. If ſeiz'd with hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.

13. Think'ſt thou, that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their fleſh, and drink their blood?
14. The ſacrifices I require,
Are hearts which love and zeal inſpire,
And Vows with ſtricteſt care made good.

15. In time of trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And thou returns of Praiſe ſhalt make.
16. But to the wicked thus ſaith God:
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?

17. For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in ſin,
Haſt proof againſt inſtruction been,
And of my word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18. When thou a ſubtle thief didſt ſee,

Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
and with adult'rers didſt partake.

19. Vile ſlander is thy chief delight;
Thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and ſpite,
deceitful tales does hourly ſpread.
20. Thou doſt with hateful ſcandals wound
Thy brother, and with lyes confound
the offspring of thy mother's bed.

21. Theſe things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with ſilence, and with love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou:
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy ſins before thine eyes.

22. Mark this, ye wicked fools, leſt I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
While none ſhall dare your cauſe to own.
23. Who praiſes me, due honour gives;
And to the man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong ſalvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
as thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppreſs'd with loads of guilt,
thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3. Waſh off my foul offence,
and cleanſe me from my ſin
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee
how great my guilt has been.

4. Againſt

4. Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy ſight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd; and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgments right.
5. In guilt each part was form'd
of all this ſinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the heir of ſin and ſhame.

6. Yet thou, whoſe ſearching eye
does inward truth require,
In ſecret didſt with wiſdom's laws
my tender ſoul inſpire.
7. With hyſſop purge me, Lord;
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with ſnow in whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by thee.

8. Make me to hear with joy
thy kind forgiving voice
That ſo the bones which thou haſt broke,
may with freſh ſtrength rejoice.
9, 10. Blot out my crying ſins,
nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
an upright mind renew.

PART II.

11. Withdraw not thou thy help,
nor caſt me from thy ſight;
Nor let thy holy ſpirit take
its everlaſting flight.

12. The

12. The joy thy favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free spirit's firm support
my fainting soul sustain.

13. So I thy righteous ways
to sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
to thy just laws convert.

14. My guilt of blood remove,
my Saviour, and my God;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
thy righteous acts abroad.

15. Do thou unlock my lips,
with sorrow clos'd, and shame:
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise
to all the world proclaim.

16. Could sacrifice atone,
whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
to cast a gracious eye.

17. A broken spirit is
by God most highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
shall never he despis'd.

18. Let Sion, favour find,
of thy good-will assur'd;
And thy own city flourish long,
by lofty walls secur'd.

19. The

19 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing tribute pay;
And ſacrifice of choiceſt kind
upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O man of lawleſs might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his favour ſtill.

2. Thy wicked tongue does ſland'rous tales
maliciouſly deviſe;
And ſharper than a razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous lyes.

3,4. Thy thoughts are more on Ill, than good
on lyes, than truth, employ'd;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which
the guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.

5. God ſhall for ever blaſt thy hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
nor in the world, to ſtay.

6. The juſt, with pious fear, ſhall ſee
the downfal of thy pride;
And at thy ſudden ruin laugh,
and thus thy fall deride:

7. "See there the man that haughty was,
"who proudly God defy'd,
"Who truſted in his wealth, and ſtill
"on wicked arts rely'd."

8. But

8. But I am like thoſe olive-plants
that ſhade God's temple round;
And hope with his indulgent grace
to be for ever crown'd.
9. So ſhall my ſoul with praiſe, O God,
extol thy wondrous love;
And on thy name with patience wait;
for this thy ſaints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1. THE wicked fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe,
that God is but a name:
This groſs miſtake their practice ſhows,
ſince virtue all diſclaim.
2. The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high Tow'r,
the ſons of men to view,
To ſee if any own'd his pow'r,
or truth or Juſtice knew.
3. But all, he ſaw, were backward gone,
degen'rate grown and baſe;
None for religion car'd, not one
of all the ſinful race.
4. But are thoſe workers of deceit
ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they like bread my people eat,
and God's juſt pow'r diſown?
5. Their cauſeleſs fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd: his hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd bones abroad.
6. Would

6. Would he his saving pow'r employ,
to break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy
should eccho thro' the land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2. LORD, save me, for thy glorious name
and in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r,
and to my words give ear.
3. Mere strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me design'd;
And cruel men, that fear no God,
against my soul combin'd.
4, 5. But God takes part with all my friends;
and he's the surest guard:
The God of truth shall give my foes
their falshood's just reward;
6. While I my grateful off'rings bring,
and sacrifice with joy;
And in his praise my time to come
delightfully employ.
7. From dreadful danger and distress
the Lord hath set me free:
Thro' him shall I, of all my foes,
the just destruction see.

PSALM LV.

1 GIVE ear, thou judge of all the earth,
and listen, when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
thy glorious face away. 2. Attend

2. Attend to this my ſad complaint,
and hear my grievous moans;
Whilſt I my mournful caſe declare
with artleſs ſighs and groans.

3. Hark, how the foe inſults aloud!
how fierce oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous tongues with wrathful hate
againſt my fame engage.

4, 5. My heart is rack'd with pain, my ſoul
with deadly frights diſtreſs'd;
With fear and trembling compaſs'd round,
with horror quite oppreſs'd.

6. How often wiſh'd I then, that I
The dove's ſwift wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy flight,
and ſeek a ſafe retreat!

7, 8. Then would I wander far from hence;
and in wild deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious ſtorm were ſpent,
this tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9. Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill deſigns,
their counſels ſoon divide;
For through the city my griev'd eyes
have ſtriſe and rapine ſpy'd.

10 By day and night, on ev'ry wall
they walk their conſtant round;
And, in the midſt of all her ſtrength,
are grief and miſchief found.

11. Whoe'er

11. Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam,
will fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant posts
maintain in ev'ry street.
12. For 'twas not any open foe,
that false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne
the bitter things he said:
'Twas none who hatred had profess'd,
that did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself
from his malicious eyes.
13, 14. But 'twas ev'n thou, my guide, my friend,
whom tend'rest love did join;
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most,
whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15. Sure, vengeance equal to their crimes
such traitors must surprise,
And sudden death requite those ills
they wickedly devise.
16, 17. But I will call on God, who still
shall in my aid appear:
At morn, and noon, and night i'll pray,
and he my voice shall hear.

PART III.

18. God has releas'd my soul from those
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous host of friends
my righteous cause defend.
19. For

19. For he, who was my help of old,
shall now his suppliant hear;
And punish those, whose prosp'rous state
makes them no God to fear.

20. Whom can I trust, if faithless men
perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
and break the strongest ties?
21. Tho' soft and melting are their words,
their hearts with war abound:
Their speeches are more smooth than oil,
and yet like swords they wound.

22. Do thou, my soul, on God depend,
and he shall thee sustain:
He aids the just, whom to supplant
the wicked strive in vain.
23. My foes, that trade in lyes and blood,
shall all untimely die;
Whilst I, for health, and length of days,
on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO Thou, O God, in mercy help;
for man my life persues:
To crush me with repeated wrongs,
he daily strife renews.
2. Continually my spiteful foes
to ruin me combine:
Thou seest, who sitt'st inthron'd on high,
what mighty numbers join

3. But

3. But, tho' ſometimes ſurpris'd by fear
(on danger's firſt alarm)
Yet ſtill for ſuccour I depend
on thy almighty arm.
4. God's faithful promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and, truſting him,
the arm of fleſh defy.

5. They wreſt my words and make 'em ſpeak
a ſenſe they never meant:
Their thoughts are all, with reſtleſs ſpite,
on my deſtruction bent.
6. In cloſe aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked projects lay:
They watch my ſteps, and lie in wait
to make my ſoul their prey.

7. Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious race chaſtiſe.
8. Thou numb'reſt all my wand'ring ſteps,
ſince firſt compell'd to flee:
My very tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſtred by thee.

9. When therefore I invoke thy aid,
my foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd, that God
my righteous cauſe will own.

10. 11. I'll truſt God's word, and ſo deſpiſe
the force that man can raiſe :
12. To thee, O God, my vows are due ;
to thee i'll render praiſe.

13. Thou haſt retriev'd my ſoul from death,
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my footſteps ſure :
That thus, protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy :
And in the ſervice of my God
my lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY mercy, Lord, to me extend :
On thy protection I depend ;
And to thy wing for ſhelter haſte,
Till this outrageous ſtorm is paſt.
2. To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou ſov'reign judge, and God moſt high,
Who wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.

3. From heav'n protect me by thy arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my harm :
To my relief thy mercy ſend,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.
4. For I with ſavage men converſe,
Like hungry lions wild and fierce,
With men whoſe teeth are ſpears, their words
Invenom'd darts, and two-edg'd ſwords.

5. Be

5. Be thou, O God, exalted high :
And, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd ;
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6. To take me, they their net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my ſoul enſnar'd ;
But fell themſelves, by juſt decree,
Into the pit they made for me.

7. O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to preſent ;
And, with my heart, my voice i'll raiſe
To thee, my God, in ſongs of praiſe.
8. Awake, my glory, harp and lute,
No longer let your ſtrings be mute :
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

9. Thy praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning nations round :
10. Thy mercy, higheſt heav'n tranſcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11. Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd ;
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the earth,
if juſt your ſentence be ;
Or muſt not innocence appeal
to heav'n from your decree ?

2, Your

2. Your wicked heart and judgments are
alike by malice ſway'd;
Your griping hand, by weighty bribes,
to violence betray'd.

3. To virtue, ſtrangers from the womb,
their infant ſteps went wrong:
They prattled ſlander, and in lyes
employ'd their liſping tongue.
4. No ſerpent of parch'd Afric's breed
does ranker poiſon bear;
The drowſy adder will as ſoon
unlock his ſullen ear.

5. Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
as adders they remain;
From whom the ſkilful charmer's voice
can no attention gain.
6. Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
and timely break their pow'r:
Diſarm theſe growing lions jaws,
e're practis'd to devour.

7. Let now their inſolence, at height,
like ebbing tides be ſpent;
Their ſhiver'd darts deceive their aim,
when they their bow have bent.
8. Like ſnails, let them diſſolve to ſlime;
like haſty births become,
Unworthy to behold the ſun,
and dead within the womb.

9. Ere

9. Ere thorns can make the flesh-pots boil,
tempestuous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive
to their eternal doom.
10. The righteous shall rejoice to see
their crimes such vengeance meet;
And saints in persecutors blood
shall dip their harlmess feet.
11. Transgressors then with grief shall see
just men rewards obtain;
And own a God, whose justice will
the guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my spiteful foes:
In my defence oppose thy pow'r
to theirs who me oppose.
2. Preserve me from a wicked race,
who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorseless men,
who seek my blood to spill.
3. They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs
against my life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st,
for no offence of mine.
4. In haste they run about, and watch
my guiltless life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my distress,
and to my help awake.
5. Thou

5. Thou, Lord of hosts, and Israel's God,
their heathen rage suppress;
Relentless vengeance take on those,
who stubbornly transgress.
6. At ev'ning to beset my house,
like growling dogs they meet;
While others through the city range,
and ransack ev'ry street.

7. Their throats invenom'd slander breathe,
their tongues are sharpen'd swords:
"Who hears? (say they); or, hearing, dares,
"reprove our lawless words?"
8. But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,
their baffled plots deride;
And soon to scorn and shame expose
their boasted heathen pride.

9. On thee I wait; 'tis on thy strength
for succour I depend:
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
who only canst defend.
10. Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
from danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
my haughty foes to me.

11. Destroy them not, O Lord, at once;
restrain thy vengeful blow;
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
forget their overthrow.

Disperse

Disperse them through the nations round,
by thy avenging pow'r:
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our shield and tow'r.

12. Now in the height of all their hopes,
their arrogance chastise;
Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint,
and curses join'd with lyes.
13. Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures,
thine anger, Lord, suppress:
That distant lands, by their just doom,
may Israel's God confess.

14. At ev'ning let them still persist
like growling dogs, to meet;
Still wander all the city round,
and traverse ev'ry street.
15. Then, as for malice now they do,
for hunger let them stray;
And yell their vain complaints aloud,
defeated of their prey:

16. Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
thy wond'rous pow'r confess:
For thou hast been my sure defence,
my refuge in distress.
17. To thee, with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my strength, i'll sing:
Thou art my God, the rock from whence
my health and safety spring.

PSALM

PSALM LX.

1 O GOD, who haſt our troops diſpers'd
Forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt ;
As we thy juſt diſpleaſure mourn,
To us in mercy, Lord, return.
2. Our ſtrength, that firm as earth did ſtand
Is rent by thy avenging hand :
O ! heal the breaches thou haſt made :
We ſhake, we fall, without thy aid !

3. Our folly's ſad effects we feel ;
For, drunk with diſcord's cup, we reel.
4, But now, for them who thee rever'd,
Thou haſt thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5. Let thy right-hand thy ſaints protect :
Lord, hear the pray'rs, that we direct.
6. The holy God has ſpoke ; and I
O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely.

To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's ſoil, Samaria's pride :
To Sichem, ſuccoth next I'll join,
And meaſure out her vale by line.
7. Manaſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe
To my commands, with Ephraim's tribe :
Ephraim by arms ſupports my cauſe,
And Judah by religious Laws.

8. Moab my ſlave and drudge ſhall be,
Nor Edom from my yoke get free ;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious ſtate
Shall humbly on our triumph wait.

9. But

9. But who ſhall quell theſe mighty pow'rs,
And clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread
The path that does to conqueſt lead?

10. Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſpers'd
Our troops (for we forſook thee firſt)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in wrath forſake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11. Do thou our fainting cauſe ſuſtain;
For human ſuccours are but vain.
12. Freſh ſtrength and courage God beſtows
'Tis he treads down our proudeſt foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r
which I, oppreſs'd with grief,
2. From earth's remoteſt parts addreſs
to thee for kind relief.
O! lodge me ſafe beyond the reach
of perſecuting pow'r
3. Thou who ſo oft from ſpiteful foes
haſt been my ſhelt'ring tow'r.

4. So ſhall I in thy ſacred courts
ſecure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
all future ſtorms defy.
5. In ſign my vows are heard, once more,
I o'er thy choſen reign:
6. O! bleſs with long and proſp'rous life
the king thou didſt ordain.

7. Confirm

7. Confirm his throne, and make his reign
accepted in thy sight;
And let thy truth and mercy both
in his defence unite.
8. So shall I ever sing thy praise,
thy name for ever bless;
Devote my prosp'rous days to pay
the vows of my distress.

PSALM LXII.

1 MY Soul for help on God relies;
2 From him alone my safety flows:
My rock, my health, that strength supplies,
To bear the shock of all my foes.
3. How long will ye contrive my fall,
Which will but hasten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall,
Or fence of uncemented Stone.

4. To make my envy'd honours less,
They strive with lyes, their chief delight;
For they, tho' with their mouths they bless,
In private curse with inward spite.
5,6. But thou, my soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose:
My rock and health will strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

7. God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send:
He is my fortress and defence;
On him my soul shall still depend.

8. In

8. In him, ye people, always truſt ;
Before his throne pour out your hearts ;
For God, the merciful and juſt,
His timley aid to us imparts.

9. The vulgar fickle are and frail ;
The great diſſemble and betray ;
And, laid in truth's impartial ſcale,
The lighteſt things will both outweigh.
10. Then truſt not in oppreſſive ways ;
By ſpoil and rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increaſe,
Be ſet too much upon your gain.

11. For God has oft his will expreſs'd,
And I this truth have fully known ;
To be of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd,
Belongs, of right, to God alone.
12. Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight ;
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs ſhall offer'd be ?
For thee my thirſty ſoul does pant ;
My fainting fleſh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreſhing waters want.

2. O ! to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious pow'r reſtore,
Which

Which thy majeſtic houſe diſplays :
3. Becauſe to me thy wond'rous love
Than life itſelf does dearer prove,
My lips ſhall always ſpeak thy praiſe.

4. My life, while I that life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ ;
With lifted hands adore his name :
5. My ſoul's content ſhall be as great
As theirs who choiceſt dainties eat,
While I with joy his praiſe proclaim.

6. When down I lie, ſweet ſleep to find,
Thou, Lord art preſent to my mind ;
And when I wake in dead of night.
7. Becauſe thou ſtill doſt ſuccour bring,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing
I reſt with ſafety and delight.

8. My ſoul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
In her ſupport is daily ſhown :
9. But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay,
That my deſtruction wiſh ; and they
That ſeek my life, ſhall loſe their own.

10, 11. They by untimely ends ſhall die,
Their fleſh a prey to foxes lie ;
But God ſhall fill the king with joy :
Who ſwears by thee ſhall ſtill rejoice ;
Whilſt the falſe tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint;
To my requeſt give ear;
Preſerve my life from cruel foes,
and free my ſoul from fear.
2. O! hide me with thy tend'reſt care
in ſome ſecure retreat,
From ſinners that againſt me riſe;
and all their plots defeat.

3. See how, intent to work my harm,
they whet their tongues like ſwords;
And bend their bows to ſhoot their darts,
ſharp lyes, and bitter words.
4. Lurking in private, at the juſt
they take their ſecret aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of fear and ſhame.

5. To carry on their ill deſigns
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private ſnares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6. With utmoſt diligence and care
their wicked plots they lay:
The deep deſigns of all their hearts
are only to betray.

7. But God, to anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point
ſhall ſwift deſtruction ſend.

8. Thoſe ſlanders which their mouths did vent
upon themſelves ſhall fall ;
Their crimes diſclos'd ſhall make them be
deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.

9. The world ſhall then God's pow'r confeſs;
and nations trembling ſtand ;
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty work
of his avenging hand :
10. Whilſt righteous men, by God ſecur'd,
in him ſhall gladly truſt ;
And all the liſt'ning earth ſhall hear
loud triumphs of the juſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR Thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe
In Sion waits, thy choſen ſeat :
Our promis'd altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous vows complete.
2. O thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3. Our ſins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon dye.
4. Bleſt is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred dwelling lives !
Whilſt we, at humbler diſtance, taſte
The vaſt delights thy temple gives.

5. By

5. By wond'rous acts, O God moſt juſt,
Have we thy gracious anſwer found:
In the remoteſt nations truſt,
And thoſe whom ſtormy waves ſurround.
6, 7. God, by his ſtrength, ſits faſt the hills,
And does his matchleſs pow'r engage;
With which the ſea's loud waves he ſtills,
And angry crouds tumultuous rage.

PART II.

8. Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous lands diſmay
When they thy dreadful tokens view:
With joy they ſee the night and day
Each others track, by turns, perſue.
9. From out thy unexhauſted ſtore
Thy rain relieves the thirſty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and uſeful fruits abound.

10. On riſing ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills:
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle ſhow'rs
In which a bleſt increaſe diſtils.
11. Thy goodneſs does the circling year
With freſh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatneſs down.
12. They drop on barren foreſts, chang'd
By them to paſtures freſh and green:
The hills about, in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are ſeen.

13. Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The chearful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And ſeem, for joy, to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

1 LET all the lands with ſhouts of joy
2 to God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his name,
and ſpread his glorious praiſe.
3. And let them ſay, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes
ſhall all be forc'd to bow.

4. Thro' all the earth the nations round
ſhall thee their God confeſs;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
of thy great name expreſs.
5. O! come, behold the works of God;
and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men
has wond'rous judgments ſhown.

6. He made the Sea become dry land,
through which our fathers walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his might
with joy his people talk'd.
7. He by his pow'r for ever rules;
his eyes the world ſurvey:
Let no preſumptuous man rebel
againſt his Sov'reign ſway.

PART

PART II.

8,9. O! all ye nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his praiſe;
Who keeps our ſoul alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt ways.
10. For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as fire
does try the precious ore:
11. Thou brought'ſt us into ſtreights where we
oppreſſing burdens bore.
12. Inſulting foes did us, their ſlaves,
thro' fire and water chaſe;
But yet, at laſt, thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy place.
13. Burnt-off'rings to thy houſe I'll bring,
and there my vows I'll pay;
14. Which I with ſolemn zeal did make
in trouble's diſmal day.
15. Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt rams ſhall fall,
The choiceſt goats from out the fold,
and bullocks from the ſtall.
16. O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;
attend with heedful care,
Whilſt I, what God for me has done,
with grateful joy declare.
17, 18. As I, before, his aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his name;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd ſin,
would all my pray'rs diſclaim.
19. But

19. But God to me, when e'er I cry'd,
his gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my requeſt,
with conſtant love attend.
20. Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
With-holds his mercy from my ſoul,
nor turns his face away!

PSALM LXVII.

1. TO bleſs thy choſen race,
in mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
on all thy ſaints to ſhine;
2. That ſo thy wond'rous way
may through the world be known;
Whilſt diſtant lands their tribute pay,
and thy ſalvation own.
3. Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious name.
4. O let them ſhout and ſing,
diſſolv'd in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the earth.
5. Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame
Let all the world, O Lord combine
to praiſe thy glorious name.

6. Then

6. Then shall the teeming ground
a large Increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
which God, our God, bestows.

7. Then God upon our land
shall constant blessings show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand
of his resistless pow'r

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of battle, rise,
and scatter his presumptuous foes;
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
Who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
2. As smoke in tempests rage is lost,
Or wax into the furnace cast;
So let their sacrilegious host
Before his wrathful presence waste.

3. But let the servants of his will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And chearful songs their tongues employ.
4. To him your voice in anthems raise:
JEHOVAH's awful name he bears:
In him rejoice; extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

5. Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.

6. 'Tis

6. 'Tis God, who from a foreign ſoil
Reſtores poor exiles to their home;
Makes captives free; and fruitleſs toil,
Their proud oppreſſors righteous doom.

7. 'Twas ſo of old, when thou didſt lead
In perſon, Lord, our armies forth;
Strange terrors thro' the deſert ſpread,
Convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd earth.
8. The breaking clouds did rain diſtill,
And heav'n's high arches ſhook with fear:
How then ſhould Sinai's humble hill
Of Iſrael's God the preſence bear!

9. Thy hand as famiſh'd earth's complaint,
Reliev'd her from celeſtial ſtores;
And, when thy heritage was faint,
Aſſwag'd the drought with plenteous ſhow'rs.
10. Where ſavages had rang'd before,
At eaſe thou mad'ſt our tribes reſide;
And in the deſert for the poor,
Thy generous bounty did provide.

PART II.

11. Thou gav'ſt the word; we ſallied forth,
And in thy pow'rful word o'ercame;
Whilſt virgin-troops, with ſongs of mirth,
In ſtate our conqueſt did proclaim.
12. Vaſt armies, by ſuch gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forſook their camp with ſudden dread,
And to our women left the ſpoil.

13. Though

13. Though Egypt's drudges you have been,
Your army's wings shall shine as bright
As doves, in golden sunshine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler light.
14. 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand
O'er scatter'd Kings the conquest won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's strand,
High Salmon's glitt'ring snow outshone.

15. From thence to Jordan's farther coast,
And Bashan's hill, we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's inheritance.
16. But wherefore (tho' the honour's great)
Should this, O mountain, swell your pride?
For Sion is his chosen seat,
Where he for ever will reside.

17. His chariots numberless; his pow'rs
Are heav'nly hosts, that wait his will:
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
18. Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led;
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies, once their dread.

Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

19. For

19. For benefits each day beſtow'd,
Be daily his great name ador'd;
20. Who is our Saviour, and our God,
Of life and death the ſov'reign Lord.

21. But Juſtice for his harden'd foes
Proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of thoſe
Who in preſumptuous crimes proceed.
22. The Lord has thus in thunder ſpoke:
" As I ſubdu'd proud Baſhan's king,
" Once more I'll break my people's yoke,
" And from the deep my ſervants bring:

23. " Their feet ſhall with a crimſon flood
" Of ſlaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er;
" Nor earth receive ſuch impious blood,
" But leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore.

PART III.

24. When, marching to thy bleſt abode,
The wond'ring multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous ſtate of thee, our God,
In robes of majeſty array'd;
25. Sweet-ſinging levites led the van;
Loud Inſtruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops a virgin-train
With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.

26. This was the burden of their ſong:
" In full aſſemblies bleſs the Lord:
" All who to Iſrael's tribes belong,
" The God of Iſrael's praiſe record."

27. Nor

27. Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne
Her counſellers in ſtate did ſend;

But Zebulon's remoter ſeat,
And Napthali's more diſtant coaſt,
(The grand proceſſion to complete)
Sent up their tribes, a princely hoſt.
28. Thus God to ſtrength and union brought
Our tribes, at ſtrife till that bleſt hour.
This work, which thou O God haſt wrought
Confirm with freſh recruits of pow'r.

29. To viſit Salem, Lord, deſcend,
And Sion thy terreſtrial throne;
Where kings with preſents ſhall attend
And thee with offer'd crowns atone.
30. Break down the ſpearmens ranks, who threat
Like pamper'd herds of ſavage might:
Their ſilver-armour'd chiefs defeat,
Who in deſtructive war delight.

31. Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
Her hands, and Africk homage bring
32. The ſcatter'd kingdoms of the earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praiſes ſing;
33. Who, mounted on the loftieſt ſphere
Of antient heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.

34. Aſcribe

34. Aſcribe ye pow'r to God moſt high :
Of humble Iſrael he takes care ;
Whoſe ſtrength, from out the duſky ſky,
Darts ſhining terrors through the air.
35. How dreadful are the ſacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne !
His ſtrength his feeble ſaints ſupports :
To God give praiſe, to him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And preſs to overwhelm my ſoul.
2. With painful ſteps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
3. With reſtleſs cries my ſpirits faint ;
My voice is hoarſe with long complaint ;
My ſight decays with tedious pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.
4. My hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with foes that me purſue
With groundleſs hate, grown now of might,
To execute their lawleſs ſpite :
They force me, guiltleſs, to reſign,
As rapine, what by right was mine.
5. Thou, Lord, my innocence doſt ſee,
Nor are my ſins conceal'd from thee.
6. Lord God of hoſts, take timely care,
Leſt, for my ſake, thy ſaints deſpair :
7. Since I have ſuffer'd for thy name
Reproach, and hide my face in ſhame ;

8. A

8. A ſtranger to my country grown,
Nor to my neareſt kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to ſcorn
By brethren of my mother born.

9. For zeal to thy lov'd houſe and name
Conſumes me like devouring flame;
Concern'd at their affronts to thee,
More than at ſlanders caſt on me.
10. My very tears and abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful ſenſe.
11. When cloath'd with ſackcloth for their ſake
They me their common proverb make.

12. Their Judges make my wrongs their jeſt,
Thoſe wrongs they ought to have redreſs'd.
How ſhould I then expect to be
From libels of lewd drunkards free?
13. But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely pray'r:
Relieve me from thy mercy's ſtore:
Diſplay thy truth's preſerving pow'r.

14. From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From ſpiteful foes in ſafety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging deep.
15. Controul the deluge, ere it ſpread,
And roll its waves above my head:
Nor deep deſtruction's yawning pit
To cloſe her jaws on me permit.

16. Lord

16. Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending goodneſs' ſake;
Relieve thy ſupplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's ſtore.
17. Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face:
Make haſte; for deſp'rate is my caſe:
18. Thy timely ſuccour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs foes.

19. Thou know'ſt what infamy and ſcorn
I from my enemies have borne;
Nor can their cloſe-diſſembled ſpite,
Or darkeſt plots, eſcape thy ſight.
20. Reproach and grief have broke my heart
I look'd for ſome to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

21. With hunger pin'd, for food I call:
Inſtead of food they give me gall:
And when with thirſt my ſpirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22. Their table therefore to their health
Shall prove a ſnare, a trap their wealth;
23. Perpetual darkneſs ſeize their eyes;
And ſudden blaſts their hopes ſurpriſe.

24. On them thou ſhalt thy fury pour,
'Till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
25. And make their houſe a diſmal cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell

26. For,

26. For new afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy ſtripes endur'd;
And made the wounds thy ſcourge had torn
To bleed afreſh with ſharper ſcorn.

27. Sin ſhall to ſin their ſteps betray,
Till they to truth have loſt the way.
28. From life thou ſhalt exclude their ſoul,
Nor with the juſt their names inroll.
29. But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor,
Thy ſtrong ſalvation ſhall reſtore:
30. Thy pow'r with ſongs I'll then proclaim
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

31. Our God ſhall this more highly prize,
Than herds or flocks in ſacrifice:
32. Which humble ſaints with joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like redreſs with me.
33. For God regards the poor's complaint;
Sets pris'ners free from cloſe reſtraint.
34. Let heav'n, earth, ſea, their voices raiſe,
And all the world reſound his praiſe.

35. For God will Sion's walls erect;
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect;
Till all her ſcatter'd ſons repair
To undiſturb'd poſſeſſion there.
36. This bleſſing they ſhall, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs ages more,
Of ſuch as his bleſt name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O LORD, to my relief draw near;
For never was more preſſing need:
For my deliv'rance, Lord appear,
And add to that deliv'rance ſpeed.
2. Confuſion on their heads return,
Who to deſtroy my ſoul combine:
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.

3. Their doom let deſolation be;
With ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And ſport of my affliction made:
4. While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy face,
To joyful triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving grace,
With me ſhall ſing, the Lord be prais'd.

5. Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care:
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
To my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, IN thee I put my ſtedfaſt truſt;
2. I defend me, Lord, from ſhame:
Incline thine ear, and ſave my ſoul;
for righteous is thy name.
3. Be thou my ſtrong abiding-place,
to which I may reſort:
'Tis thy decree that keeps me ſafe;
Thou art my rock and fort. 4. 5. From

4, 5. From cruel and ungodly men
protect and set me free;
For from my earliest youth till now,
my hope has been in thee.
6. Thy constant care did safely guard
my tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
to sing thy constant praise.

7, 8. While some on me with wonder gaze,
thy hand supports me still:
Thy honour therefore, and thy praise,
my mouth shall always fill.
9. Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
when I with age decay:
Forsake me not, when worn with years,
my vigour fades away.

10. My foes, against my fame and me,
with crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares,
and mutual counsel take.
11. "His God say they, forsakes him now,
"on whom he did rely:
"Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
"of timely aid is nigh."

12. But thou, my God, withdraw not far:
for speedy help we call;
13. To shame and ruin bring my foes,
that seek to work my fall.

14. But

14. But as for me, my ſtedfaſt hope
ſhall on thy pow'r depend;
And I in grateful ſongs of praiſe
my time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15. Thy righteous acts, and ſaving health,
My mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt care.
16. While God vouchſafes me his ſupport,
I'll in his ſtrength go on;
All other righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.
17. Thou, Lord, haſt taught me, from my youth,
to praiſe thy glorious name:
And ever ſince thy wondrous works
have been my conſtant theme.
18. Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe, and future times,
thy ſtrength and pow'r have ſhown.
19. How high thy juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare!
20. Me, whom thy hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt depth of woe
with tender care retrieve.
21. Through

21. Through thee, my time to come shall be
with pow'r and greatness crown'd;
And me, who dismal years have pass'd,
thy comforts shall surround:
22. Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise
To thee, the God of Jacob's race.
my voice in anthems raise.

23. Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
employ my chearful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
shall in thy strength rejoice.
24. My tongue thy just and righteous acts
shall all the day proclaim;
Because thou didst confound my foes,
and brought'st them all to shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy just decrees the king
in all his ways direct;
And let his Son, throughout his reign,
thy righteous laws respect.
2. So shall he still thy people judge
with pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
their just protector find.

3. Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
the happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land shall own to be
the work of righteousness:

4. Whilst

4. Whilſt he the poor and needy race
ſhall rule with gentle ſway,
And from their humble necks ſhall take
oppreſſive yokes away.

5. In ev'ry heart, thy awful fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as ſun and moon endure,
or time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6. He ſhall deſcend like rain, that chears
the meadows ſecond birth;
Or like warm ſhow'rs, whoſe gentle drops
refreſh the thirſty earth.

7. In his bleſt days the juſt and good
ſhall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land ſhall ev'ry where
with endleſs peace abound.
8. His uncontroul'd dominion ſhall
from ſea to ſea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' ſtreams,
at nature's limits end.

9. To him the ſavage nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile heads:
His vanquiſh'd foes ſhall lick the duſt,
where he his conqueſt ſpreads.
10. The kings of Tarſhiſh, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy Saba's king.

11. To

11. To him ſhall ev'ry king on earth
his humble homage pay;
And diff'ring nations gladly join
to own his righteous ſway,
12. For he ſhall ſet the needy free,
when they for ſuccour cry;
Shall ſave the helpleſs, and the poor,
and all their wants ſupply.

PART II.

13. His providence, for needy ſouls,
ſhall due ſupplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs lives
ſhall watch with tender care.
14. He ſhall preſerve and keep their ſouls
from fraud and rapine free;
And in his ſight their guiltleſs blood
of mighty price ſhall be.

15. Therefore ſhall God his life and reign
to many years extend;
Whilſt eaſtern princes tribute pay,
and golden preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant pray'rs be made
thro' all his proſp'rous days:
His juſt dominion ſhall afford
a laſting theme of praiſe.

16. Of uſeful grain, through all the land,
great plenty ſhall appear:
A Handful ſown on mountain-tops
a mighty crop ſhall bear:

Its

Its fruit, like cedars ſhook by winds,
a rattling noiſe ſhall yield:
The city too ſhall thrive, and vie,
for plenty with the field.

17. The mem'ry of his glorious name
thro' endleſs years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the ſun.
In him the nations of the world
ſhall be completely bleſs'd,
And his unbounded happineſs
by ev'ry tongue confeſs'd.

18. Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom Iſrael fears;
Who only wond'rous in his works,
beyond compare, appears.
19. Let earth be with his glory fill'd;
for ever bleſs his name;
Whilſt to his praiſe the liſt'ning world
their glad aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his ſaints be kind;
That all whoſe hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favour find.
2, 3. Till this ſuſtaining truth I knew,
My ſtagg'ring feet had almoſt fail'd:
I griev'd, the ſinner's wealth to view,
And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.

4, 5. They

4, 5. They to the grave in peace deſcend,
And, whilſt they live, are hale and ſtrong;
No plague or troubles them offend,
Which oft to other men belong.
6, 7. With pride, as with a chain, they're held,
And rapine ſeems their robe of ſtate;
Their eyes ſtand out, with fatneſs ſwell'd;
They grow, beyond their wiſhes, great.

8, 9. With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
Oppreſſive methods they defend;
Their tongue thro' all the earth does walk
Their blaſphemies to heav'n aſcend.
10. And yet admiring crouds are found,
Who ſervile viſits duely make;
Becauſe with plenty they abound,
Of which their flatt'ring ſlaves partake.

11. Their fond opinion theſe purſue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How ſhould the Lord our actions view?
"Can he perceive, who dwells ſo high?
12. Behold the wicked! theſe are they
Who openly their ſins profeſs;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day.
And all their actions meet ſucceſs.

13, 14. "Then have I cleans'd my heart (ſaid I),
"And waſh'd my hands from guilt in vain:
"If all the day oppreſs'd I lie,
"And ev'ry morning ſuffer pain."

15. Thus

15. Thus did I once to ſpeak intend:
But if ſuch things I raſhly ſay,
Thy children, Lord, I muſt offend,
And baſely ſhould their cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17. To fathom this my thoughts I bent;
But found the caſe too hard for me;
Till to the houſe of God I went:
Then I their end did plainly ſee.
18. How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
On ſlipp'ry places looſely ſtand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Caſt down by thy avenging hand.

19,20. How dreadful and how quick their fate
Deſpis'd by thee, when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking men with ſcorn do treat
The fancies that their dreams employ'd.
21,22. Thus was my heart with grief oppreſt
My reins were rack'd with reſtleſs pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a beaſt,
Who no reflecting thought retains.

23, 24. Yet ſtill thy preſence me ſupply'd,
And thy right-hand aſſiſtance gave;
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy counſel guide,
And then to glory me receive.
25. Whom then in heav'n but thee alone
Have I, whoſe favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious earth there's none
That I beſides thee can deſire.

26. My

26. My trembling flesh, and aching heart,
May often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.
27. For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall :
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

28. But as for me, 'tis good and just,
That I should still to God repair ;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY hast thou cast us off, O God ?
wilt thou no more return ?
Oh ! why against thy chosen flock
does thy fierce anger burn ?
2. Think on thy antient purchase, Lord,
the land that is thy own,
By thee redeem'd ; and Sion's mount,
where once thy glory shone.

3. Oh, come and view our ruin'd state !
how long our troubles last !
See how the foe with wicked rage
has laid thy temple waste !
4. Thy foes blaspheme thy name : where late
thy zealous servants pray'd,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
there bannners have display'd.

5. 6. Thofe curious carvings, which did once
advance the artifts fame,
With ax and hammer they deftroy,
like works of vulgar frame.
7. Thy holy temple they have burnt;
and what efcap'd the flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' facred to thy name.
8. Thy worfhip wholly to deftroy
malicioufly they aim'd;
And all the facred places burn'd,
where we thy praife proclaim'd.
9. Yet of thy prefence thou vouchfa'ft
no tender figns to lend:
We have no Prophet now, that knows
when this fad ftate fhall end.

PART II.

10. But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
th' inſulting foe to boaſt?
Shall all the honour of thy name
for evermore be loſt?
11. Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong right-hand,
and on thy patient breaſt,
When vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly lett'ſt it reſt?
12. Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r,
in our defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
haſt great ſalvation wrought.
13. 'Twas

13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the ſea,
by thy own ſtrength divide:
Thou brak'ſt the watry monſters head,
the waves o'erwhelm their pride.

14. The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the deep to ſway,
Was by thy pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage beaſts a prey.
15. Thou clav'ſt the ſolid rock, and mad'ſt
the waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'ſt, thro' parting ſtreams,
thy wond'ring people go.

16. Thine is the chearful day, and thine
the black return of night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious ſun,
and ev'ry feebler light.
17. By thee the borders of the earth
in perfect order ſtand:
The ſummer's warmth, and winter's cold,
attend on thy command.

PART III.

18. Remember, Lord, how ſcornful foes
have daily urg'd our ſhame;
And how the fooliſh people have
blaſphem'd thy holy name.
19. Oh, free thy mourning turtle-dove,
by ſinful crouds beſet;
Nor the aſſembly of thy poor
for evermore forget.

20. Thy antient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy promiſe good;
For now each corner of the land
is fill'd with men of blood.
21. O let not the oppreſs'd return,
with ſorrow cloath'd, and ſhame;
But let the helpleſs and the poor
for ever praiſe thy name.

22. Ariſe, O God, in our behalf;
thy cauſe and ours maintain:
Remember how inſulting fools
each day thy name prophane!
23. Make thou the boaſtings of thy foes
for ever, Lord, to ceaſe;
Whoſe inſolence, if unchaſtiz'd,
will more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO Thee, O God, we render praiſe,
to thee with thanks repair;
For, that thy name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous works declare.
2. In Iſrael when my throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall juſtice reign.
3. The land with diſcord ſhakes; but I
the ſinking frame ſuſtain.

4. Deluded wretches I advis'd
their errors to redreſs;
And warn'd bold ſinners, that they ſhould
their ſwelling pride ſuppreſs.

5. Bear

5. Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if
no pow'r could yours reſtrain :
Submit your ſtubborn necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs diſdain.

6. For that promotion, which to gain
your vain ambition ſtrives,
From neither eaſt, nor weſt, nor yet
from ſouthern climes arrives.
7. For God the great diſpoſer is,
and Sov'reign judge alone,
Who caſts the proud to earth, and lifts
the humble to a throne.

8. His hand holds forth a dreadful cup ;
with purple wine 'tis crown'd ;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
deals out to nations round.
Of this his ſaints ſometimes may taſte ;
but wicked men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very lees.

9. His prophet, I, to all the world
this meſſage will relate :
The juſtice then of Jacob's God
my ſong ſhall celebrate.
10. The wicked's pride I will reduce,
their cruelty diſarm ;
Exalt the juſt, and ſeat him high,
above the reach of harm.

PSALM

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN Judah the almighty's known.
(Almighty, there, by wonders ſhown):
His name in Jacob does excel :
2. His ſanctuary in Salem ſtands ;
The majeſty that heav'n commands
In Sion condeſcends to dwell.

3. He brake the bow and arrows there,
The ſhield, the temper'd ſword, and ſpear;
There ſlain the mighty army lay :
4. Whence Sion's fame thro' earth is ſpread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.

5. Their valiant chiefs, who came for ſpoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful foil :
Securely down to ſleep they lay ;
But wak'd no more ; their ſtouteſt band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſtleſs hand
'gainſt his that did their legions ſlay.

6. When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horſe and charioteers, 'oerthrown,
Together ſlept in endleſs night.
7. When thou, whom earth and heav'n
Doſt once with wrathful look appear [revere
What mortal pow'r can ſtand thy ſight?

8. Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth hear'd its
[Doom ;
Grew huſh'd with fear when thou didſt come

9. The

9. The meek with juſtice to reſtore.
10. The wrath of man ſhall yield thee praiſe:
Its laſt attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The triumphs of almighty pow'r.

11. Vow to the Lord; ye nations, bring
Vow'd preſents to th' eternal king:
Thus to his name due rev'rence pay,
12. Who proudeſt potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible,
Than, to their trembling ſubjects, they.

PSALM LXXVII.

1. TO God I cry'd, who to my help
did graciouſly repair;
2. In trouble's diſmal day, I ſought
my God with humble pray'r.
All night my feſt'ring wound did run;
no med'cine gave relief;
My ſoul no comfort would admit,
my ſoul indulg'd her grief.

3. I thought on God, and favours paſs'd;
but that increas'd my pain:
I found my ſpirit more oppreſs'd,
the more I did complain.
4. Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night
Thou keep'ſt my eyes awake;
My grief is ſwell'd to that exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.

5. I

5. I call'd to mind the days of old,
with signal mercy crown'd;
Those famous years of antient times,
for miracles renown'd.
6. By night I recollect my songs,
on former triumphs made;
Then search, consult, and ask my heart,
Where's now that wond'rous aid?
7. Has God for ever cast us off?
withdrawn his favour quite?
8. Are both his mercy and his truth
retir'd to endless night?
9. Can his long practis'd love forget
its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
his mercy's healing spring?
10. I said, my weakness hints these fears;
but I'll my fears disband;
I'll yet remember the most high,
and years of his right-hand.
11. I'll call to mind his works of old
the wonders of his might;
12. On them my heart shall meditate,
my tongue shall them recite.
13. Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
O God, thy councils are!
Who is so great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?

14. Long

14. Long since a God of wonders thee
thy rescu'd people found;
15. Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
with strong deliv'rance crown'd.

16. When thee, O God, the waters saw,
the frighted billows shrunk;
The troubled depths themselves for fear
beneath their channels sunk.
17. The clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies
did with their Noise conspire;
Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
wing'd with avenging fire.

18. Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn,
whilst all the lower world
With lightning blaz'd, earth shook & seem'd
from her foundations hurl'd.
19. Thro' rolling stream thou find'st thy way
thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wond'rous passage, where no sight
thy footsteps can descry.

20. Thou ledd'st thy people like a flock
safe through the desart land,
By *Moses*, their meek skilful guide,
and *Aaron*'s sacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my people, to my law,
devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
deep in your hearts descend.

2. My tongue, by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for truths of old;

3. Which we from ſacred regiſters
of antient times have known,
And our forefathers pious care
to us has handed down.

4. We will not hide them from our ſons;
our Offspring ſhall be taught
The praiſes of the Lord, whoſe ſtrength
has works of wonder wrought.

5. For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this league with *Iſr'el* made;
With charge, to be from age to age,
from race to race convey'd.

6. That generations yet to come
ſhould to their unborn heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.

7. To teach them that in God alone
their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his works forget,
but keep his juſt commands.

8. Leſt, like their fathers, they might prove
a ſtiff rebellious race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſtedfaſt in his grace.

9. Such

9. Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s ſons,
who, tho' to warfare bred,
And ſkilful archers arm'd with bows,
from field ignobly fled.
10, 11. They falſify'd their league with God,
his orders diſobey'd,
Forgot his works and miracles
before their eyes diſplay'd.
12. Nor wonders, which their fathers ſaw,
did they in mind retain;
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile plain.
13. He cut the ſeas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing flood;
While pil'd on heaps, on either ſide,
the ſolid water ſtood.
14. A wond'rous pillar led them on,
compos'd of ſhade and light;
A ſhelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
a leading fire by night.
15. When drought oppreſs'd them, where no [Stream
the wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt
diſſolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid rock he brought,
which down in rivers fell,
That trav'lling with their camp each day
renew'd the miracle.

17. Yet

17. Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the moſt high;
In that ſame deſart where he did
their fainting ſouls ſupply.

18. They firſt incens'd him in their hearts,
that did his pow'r diſtruſt,
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want,
but to indulge their luſt.

19. Then utter'd their blaſpheming doubts,
" can God, ſay they, prepare
" A table in the wilderneſs,
" ſet out with various fare?

20. " He ſmote the flinty rock ('tis true)
" and guſhing ſtreams enſu'd;
" But can he corn and fleſh provide
" for ſuch a multitude?"

21. The Lord with Indignation heard:
from heav'n avenging flame
On Jacob fell, conſuming wrath
on thankleſs Iſr'el came.

22. Becauſe their unbelieving hearts
in God would not confide,
Nor truſt his care, who had from heav'n
their wants ſo oft ſupply'd.

23. Tho' he had made his clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in ſhow'rs;
And when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs
from his celeſtial ſtores.

24. Tho'

24. Tho' tasteful manna was rain'd down,
their hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the stores of heav'n they did
sustaining corn receive.
25. Thus man with angel's sacred food,
ingrateful man, was fed;
Not sparingly, for still they found
a plenteous table spread.

26. From heav'n he made an East Wind
then did the south command [blow,
27. To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls
like seas unnumber'd sand.
28. Within their trenches he let fall
the luscious easy prey,
And all around their spreading camp
the feather'd booty lay.

29. They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave
their appetites to feast;
30,31. Yet still their wonton lust crav'd on,
nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But whil'st, in their luxurious mouths,
they did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God smote down their chiefs,
and Isr'el's chosen slew.

PART II.

32. Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
his miracles belief;
33. Therefore thro' fruitless travels he
consum'd their lives in grief.

34. When

34. When some were slain, the rest return'd
to God with early cry ;
35. Own'd him the rock of their defence,
their Saviour, God most high.
36. But this was feign'd submission all,
their heart their tongue bely'd ;
37. Their heart was still perverse, nor would
firm in his league abide.
38. Yet, full of mercy, he forgave,
nor did with death chastise ;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside,
or would not let it rise.
39. For he remember'd they were flesh,
that could not long remain ;
A murmuring wind that's quickly past,
and ne'er return's again.
40. How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his patience grieve,
In that same desart where he did
their fainting souls relieve.
41. They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd ;
When Isr'el's God refus'd to be
by their desire confin'd.
42. Nor call'd to mind the hand and day
that their redemption brought ?
43. His signs in Egypt, wond'rous works
in Zoan's valley wrought.

44. He turn'd their rivers into blood,
that man and beaſt forbore ;
And rather choſe to die of thirſt,
than drink the putrid gore.
45. He ſent devouring ſwarms of flies,
hoarſe frogs annoy'd their ſoil,
46. Locuſts and Catterpillers reap'd.
the harveſt of their toil.

47. Their vines with batt'ring hail they broke
with froſt the fig-tree dies :
48. Lightning and hail make flocks and
one general ſacrifice. [herds
49. He turn'd his anger looſe, and ſet
no time for it to ceaſe ;
And with their plagues bad angels ſent
their torments to increaſe.

50. He clear'd a paſſage for his wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd ;
The murrain on their firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry field and fold.
51. The deadly peſt from beaſt to man,
from field to city came ;
It ſlew their heirs, their eldeſt hopes,
thro' all the tents of Ham.

52. But his own tribe, like folded ſheep,
he brought from their diſtreſs ;
And them conducted like a flock,
throughout the wilderneſs.

53. He

53. He led 'em on, and in their way
no cauſe of fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe deeps,
in which their foes were drown'd.

54. Nor ceas'd his care till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd land,
And to his holy mount, the prize
of his victorious hand.
55. To them the out-caſt heathen's land
he did by lot divide;
And in their foes abandon'd tents,
made Iſr'el's tribes reſide.

PART III.

56. Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the wrath of God moſt high;
Nor would to practiſe his commands
their ſtubborn hearts apply:
57. But in their faithleſs fathers ſteps,
perverſely choſe to go:
They turn'd aſide, like arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful bow.

58. For him to fury they provok'd
with altars ſet on high;
And with their graven images
inflam'd his jealouſy.
59. When God heard this, on *Iſr'el*'s tribes
his wrath and hatred fell;
60. He quitted *Shiloh*, and the tents
where once he choſe to dwell.

61. To

61. To vile captivity his ark,
his glory to disdain,
62. His people to the sword he gave,
nor would his wrath restrain.
63. Destructive war their ableſt youth
untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led,
with nuptual garlands crown'd.

64. In fight the sacrificer fell,
the prieſt a victim bled;
And widows who their death should mourn
themselves of grief were dead.
65. Then as a giant rouz'd from sleep,
whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd,
and his proud foe alarm'd.

66. He smote their hoſt, that from the field
a scatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
of everlasting shame.
67. With conqueſts crown'd he Joseph's tents
and Ephraim's tribe forsook;
68. But Judah choſe, and Sion's mount
for his lov'd dwelling took.

69. His temple he erected there
with spires exalted high:
While deep and fix'd as that of earth,
the strong foundations lie.

70. His

70. His faithful ſervant David too,
he for his choice did own,
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd
to ſit on Judah's throne.

71. From tending on the teeming ewes,
he brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes
of Iſr'el's choſen ſeed.
72. Exalted thus the monarch prov'd
a faithful ſhepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright heart,
and guided them with ſkill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hoſts
have thy poſſeſſion ſeiz'd!
Thy ſacred houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy city raz'd!
2. The mangled Bodies of thy ſaints,
abroad unburied lay;
Their fleſh expos'd to ſavage beaſts,
and rav'nous birds of prey.

3. Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their blood,
like common water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt duties to the dead.
4. The neighb'ring lands our ſmall remains
with loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing ſtock are made
to all the nations round.

5. How

5. How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
like fire for ever burn?
6. On foreign lands that know not thee,
thy heavy vengeance show'r;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,
that have not own'd thy pow'r.

7. For their devouring jaws have prey'd
on Jacob's chosen race;
And to a barren desart turn'd
their fruitful dwelling-place.
8. O think not on our former sins,
but speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
almost with sorrow spent.

9. Thou God of our salvation, help,
and free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence
exalt thy glorious name.
10. Let infidels, that scoffing say,
"where is the God they boast?"
In vengeance for thy slaughter'd saints,
perceive thee to their cost.

11. Lord, hear the sighing pris'ners moans,
thy saving pow'r extend;
Preserve the wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely end.

12. On them, who us oppreſs, let all
our ſuff'rings be repaid;
Make their confuſion ſeven times more
than what on us they laid.

13. So we thy people and thy flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
from age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O Iſr'el's ſhepherd, Joſeph's guide,
Our pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that do'ſt on the cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn ſtate appear.
2. Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manaſſeh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs ſtrength to find.

3. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away.
4. O thou, whom heav'nly hoſt obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring people pray,
And to their pray'rs have no return?

5. When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our ſcanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirſt we quench
With ſtreams of tears that largly flow.

6. For

6. For us the heathen nations round,
As for a common prey, conteſt ;
Our foes with ſpiteful joy abound,
And at our loſt condition jeſt.

7. Do thou convert us, Lord do thou
The luſtre of thy face diſplay
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away

PART II.

8. Thou brought'ſt a vine from Egypt's land
And caſting out the heathen race,
Didſt plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix'd it in their place
9. Before it thou prepar'dſt the way,
And mad'ſt it take a laſting root,
Which, bleſs'd with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely ſhoot.

10, 11. The hills were cover'd with its ſhade
Its goodly boughs did cedars ſeem :
Its Branches to the ſea were ſpread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates ſtream.
12. Why then haſt thou its hedge o'erthrown
Which thou haſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
Whilſt all its grapes, defenceleſs grown,
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.

13. See how the briſtling foreſt boar
With dreadful fury lays it waſte :
Hark how the ſavage monſters roar.
And to their helpleſs prey make haſte.

PART

PART III.

14. To thee, O God of Hosts, we pray ;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew :
From Heav'n thy throne this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.
15. Behold the vineyard, made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long ;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
16. To wasting flames 'tis made a prey.
And all its spreading boughs cut down ;
At thy rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful frown.
17. Crown thou the King with good success,
By thy right hand secur'd from wrong :
The son of man in mercy bless,
Whom for thy self thou mad'st so strong.
18. So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame ;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy name.
19. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display,
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing strength,
with loud applauses sing :
And jointly make a chearful noise
to Jacob's awful king.

2. Com-

2. Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
your instruments of joy:
Let psalteries and pleasant harps,
your grateful skill employ.

3. Let trumpets at the great new moon,
their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
the solemn day of praise.

4. For this a statute was of old,
which Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious care observ'd,
by Isr'el's chosen seed.

5. This he for a memorial fix'd,
when freed from Egypt's land;
Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard,
but could not understand.

6. Your burthen'd shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus seem'd our God to say)
Your servile hands by me were freed
from lab'ring in the clay.

7. Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd,
to me for aid did call:
With pity I their suff'rings saw,
and set them free from all.
They sought for me, and from the clouds
in thunder I reply'd:
At Meribah's contentious stream
their faith and duty try'd.

PART II.

8. While I my solemn will declare,
my chosen people hear;
If thou, O Isr'el, to my words
wilt lend thy list'ning ear;
9. Then shall no God besides myself
within thy coast be found:
Nor shalt thou worship any God
of all the nations round.

10. The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from Egypt's land:
'Tis I that all thy just desires
supply with lib'ral hand.
11. But they, my chosen race, refus'd
to hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious Isr'el's sons
make me their happy choice.

12. So I provok'd, resign them up,
to ev'ry lust a prey;
And in their own perverse designs
permitted them to stray.
13. O that my people wisely would
my just commandments heed!
And Isr'el in my righteous ways
with pious care proceed!

14. Then should my heavy judgments fall
on all that them oppose;
And my avenging hand be turn'd
against their num'rous foes.

15. Their

15. Their enemies and mine ſhould all
before my footſtool bend:
But as for them, their happy ſtate
ſhould never know an end.

16. All parts with plenty ſhould abound;
with fineſt wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to pleaſe their taſte,
ſhould richeſt honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial eye
In ſtate ſurveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.

2, 3. How dare ye then unjuſtly judge,
or be to ſinners kind?
Defend the orphans, and the poor:
let ſuch your juſtice find.

4. Protect the humble helpleſs man
reduc'd to deep diſtreſs,
And let not him become a prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.

5. They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray:
Juſtice and truth, the world's great props,
thro' all the land decay.

6. Well then might God in anger ſay,
"I've call'd you by my name:
"I've ſaid y'are Gods, the ſons and heirs
"of my immortal fame:

7. " But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt deeds
" to ſtrict account I'll call :
" You all ſhall die like common men,
" like other tyrants fall."

8. Ariſe, and thy juſt judgments, Lord,
throughout the earth diſplay ;
And all the nations of the world
ſhall own thy righteous ſway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God
no longer ſilent be ;
Nor with conſenting quiet looks
our ruin calmly ſee !

2. For lo ! the tumults of thy foes
o'er all the land are ſpread ;
And they which hate thy ſaints and thee,
lift up their threatning head.

3. Againſt thy zealous people, Lord,
they craftily combine ;
And to deſtroy thy choſen ſaints
have laid their cloſe deſign.

4. " Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
" their nation quite deface ;
" That no remembrance may remain
" of Iſr'el's hated race. "

5. Thus they againſt thy peoples peace
conſult with one conſent ;
And diff'ring nations jointly leagu'd,
their common malice vent.

6. The

6. The Iſhm'elites that dwell in tents,
with warlike Edom join'd;
And Moab's ſons our ruin vow,
with Hagar's race combin'd.

7. Proud Ammon's offſpring, Gebal too
with Amalek conſpire:
The lords of Paleſtine, and all
the wealthy ſons of Tyre.
8. All theſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian king
their firm ally have got:
Who with a pow'rful army aids
th'inceſtuous race of Lot.

PART II.

9. But let ſuch vengeance come to them,
as once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Siſera,
at Kiſhon's fatal ſtream.
10. When thy right hand their num'rous hoſts
near Endor did confound,
And left their carcaſes for dung
to feed the hungry ground.

11. Let all their mighty men the fate
of Zeb and Oreb ſhare:
As Zeba and Zalmunnah, ſo
let all their princes fare.
12. Who, with the ſame deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm poſſeſſion for ourſelves
"let us God's houſes take."

13. To ruin let them haſte, like wheels
which downward ſwiftly move:
Like chaff before the winds, let all
their ſcatter'd forces prove.
14, 15. As flames conſume dry wood, or
that on parch'd mountains grows; [heath
So let thy fierce purſuing wrath
with terror ſtrike thy foes.

16, 17. Lord, ſhroud their faces with diſgrace
that they may own thy name:
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd hearts
thy gentler means diſclaim.
18. So ſhall the wond'ring world confeſs
that thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM LXXXIV

1 O GOD of hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt
the brightneſs of thy face!
2. My longing ſoul faints with deſire,
to view thy bleſt abode:
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
for thee the living God.

3. The birds, more happy far than I,
around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their young.

4. O

4. O Lord of hoſt, my king and God,
how highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
and there thy praiſe diſplay!

5. Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee
their ſure protection made,
Who long to tread the ſacred ways,
that to thy dwelling lead!

6. Who paſs thro' parch'd and thirſty vales,
yet no refreſhment want:
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
at their requeſt doſt grant.

7 Thus they proceed from ſtrength to ſtrength
and ſtill approach more near;
'Till all on Sion's holy mount
before their God appear.

8. O Lord, the mighty God of hoſts,
my juſt requeſts regard!
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
be ſtill with favour heard:

9. Behold, O God, for thou alone
can'ſt timely aid diſpenſe:
On thy anointed ſervant look,
be thou his ſtrong defence.

10. For in thy courts one ſingle day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place beſides
a thouſand days to ſpend.

Much

Much rather in God's houſe will I
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin
my pompous dwelling make.
11. For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.
12. Thou God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt granted to thy Land
the favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive race
moſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2,3. Thy people's ſins thou haſt abſolv'd,
and all their guilt defac'd:
Thou haſt not let thy wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce anger laſt.
4. O God our Saviour, all our hearts
to thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
thy wrath no more may burn.
5,6. For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill,
and wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted comfort gain.

7. Thy

7. Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,
thy wonted aid afford.
8. God's answer patiently I'll wait;
for he, with glad Success,
(If they no more to folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bless.

9. To all that fear his holy name,
his sure salvation's near;
And in its former happy state
our nation shall appear.
10. For mercy now with truth is join'd;
and righteousness with peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

11,12. Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst
shall streams of justice pour; [Heav'n
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
shall endless plenty show'r.
13. Before him righteousness shall march,
and his just paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue
with constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd and destitute
of all relief but thine;

2. Do

2. Do thou O God, preserve my soul,
that does thy name adore:
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
relies on thee, restore.

3. To me who daily thee invoke,
thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4. Refresh thy servant's soul, whose Hopes
on the alone depend.
5. Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
but prompt to pardon too:
Of plenteous mercy to all those,
who for thy mercy sue.

6. To my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be;
7. When troubled I on thee will call,
for thou wilt answer me.
8. Among the Gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
as are their works to thine.

9. Therefore their great creator thee,
the nations shall adore;
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
to thy blest name restore.
10. All shall confess the great, and great
the wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, thee God supreme,
confess thee God alone.

PART

PART II.

11. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
from truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy ſacred name
devoutly fix my heart.
12. Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe thee with heart ſincere:
And to thy everlaſting name
eternal trophies rear.

13. Thy boundleſs mercy ſhewn to me,
tranſcends my pow'r to tell,
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my ſoul
from loweſt depths of hell.
14. O God, the ſons of pride and ſtrife
have my deſtruction ſought,
Regardleſs of thy pow'r, that oft
has my deliv'rance wrought:

15. But thou thy conſtant goodneſs didſt
to my aſſiſtance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
thou everlaſting ſpring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and ſtrength
to me thy ſervant ſhow;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
thine handmaid's ſon beſtow.

17. Some ſignal give, which my proud foes
may ſee with ſhame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief
and comfort do'ſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's temple crowns the holy mount
The Lord there condescends to dwell
2. His Sion's gates in his account,
Our Isr'el's fairest tents excel.
3. Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O City of th' Almighty king!

4. I'll mention Rahab with due Praise,
In Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise,
With that of Tyre and Palestine;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their age and country did adorn.

5. But still of Sion I'll aver
That many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6. His gen'ral list shall shew, when read,
That such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.

7. He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd
And (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring
Like waters from a living spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night address my cry:
2. Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear: 3. For

3. For ſeas of trouble me invade,
My ſoul draws nigh to Death's cold ſhade.
4. Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled
They number me among the dead.

5. Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
6. Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining care,
Down to the confines of deſpair.
7. Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs pain:
Me all thy mountain waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas, to bear the leaſt.

8. Remov'd from friends I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd, paſt hopes of liberty.
9. My eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.

10. Wilt thou by miracles revive
The dead, whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From death reſtore thy praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from priſon would'ſt not bring
11. Shall the mute grave thy love confeſs?
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulneſs?
12. Thy truth and power renown obtain,
Where darkneſs and oblivion reign?

13. To

13. To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn;
My pray'r prevents the early morn.
14. Why haſt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious look?
15. Prevailing ſorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown
Thy terrors paſt diſtract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.

16. Thy wrath haſt burſt upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my Soul with dread;
17. Environ'd as with waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18. My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Remov'd from ſight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1. THY mercies, Lord, ſhall be my ſong,
My ſong on them ſhall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth ſhall tell.
2. I have affirm'd and ſtill maintain,
Thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy truth that does the heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

3. Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy prophet's voice
"With David I a league have made;
"To him, my ſervant, and my choice,
"By ſolemn oath this grant convey'd;

4. "While

4. " While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
" Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
" To them thy throne I will ensure,
" They shall to endless ages reign."

5. For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

6. What Seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Isr'el's God shall dare?
Or who, among the Gods of earth,
With our almighty Lord compare?

7. With rev'rence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear thro' all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty name confess.

8. Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or pow'r, like thine renown'd?
Of such a num'rous faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?

9. Thou dost the lawless sea controul,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roul,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

10. Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride,
And did'st oppressing pow'r disarm:
Thy scatter'd foes have dearly try'd
The force of thy resistless arm.

11. In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heav'n ; thee, Lord, alone
The world and all that it contains,
Their maker and preserver own.
12. The poles on which the Globe does rest,
Were form'd by thy creating voice ;
Tabor, and Hermon, east and west,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.

13. Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign ;
14. Possest of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
15. Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

16. Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred name rely ;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be rais'd on high.
17. For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose Conquests from thy favour spring :
18. The Lord of Hosts is our defence,
And Isr'el's God our Isr'el's King.

19. Thus spak'st thou by thy Prophet's voice,
" A mighty champion I will send ;
" From Judah's tribe have I made choice
" Of one who shall the rest defend.

20. " My

20. " My servant David I have found,
" With holy oil anointed him ; (crown'd
21. " Him shall the hand support that
" And guard that gave the diadem.

22. " No prince from him shall tribute force,
" No son of strife shall him annoy ;
23. " His spiteful foes I will dispersé,
" And them before his face destroy.
24. " My truth and grace shall him sustain ;
" His armies in well order'd ranks,
25 " Shall conquer, from the tyrian main
" To Tigris and Euphrates banks.

26. " Me for his father he shall take,
" His God and rock of safety call ;
27. " Him I my first born son will make,
" And earthly kings his subjects all.
28. " To him my mercy I'll secure,
" My cov'nant make for ever fast. ;
29. " His seed for ever shall endure,
" His throne, till Heav'n dissolve, shall last.

PART II.

30. " But if his heirs my law forsake,
" And from my sacred precepts stray ;
31. " If they my righteous statutes break,
" Nor strictly my commands obey ;
32. " Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
" And for their folly make them smart ;
33. " Yet will not cease to be their God,
" Nor from my truth, like them, depart

34. " My

34. " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But in remembrance fast retain ;
" The thing that once my lips have spoke
" Shall in eternal force remain.
35. " Once have I sworn, but once for all,
" And made my holiness the tie,
" That I my grant will ne'er recal,
" Nor to my servant David lie.

36. " Whose throne and race the constant sun
" Shall, like his course, establish'd see :
37. " Of this my oath, thou conscious moon
" In Heav'n my faithful witness be."
38. Such was thy gracious promise, Lord,
But thou hast now our tribes forsook,
Thy own anointed hast abhor'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful look.

39. Thou seemest to have render'd void
The cov'nant with thy servant made,
Thou hast his dignity destroy'd,
And in the dust his honour laid.
40. Of strong holds thou hast him bereft,
And brought his bulwarks to decay ;
41. His frontier coasts defenceless left,
A public scorn, and common prey.

42. His ruin does glad triumphs yield
To foes advanc'd by thee to might ;
43. Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd,
His valour turn'd to shameful flight.

44. His

44. His glory is to darkneſs fled,
His throne is levell'd with the ground;
45. His youth to wretched bondage led,
With ſhame o'erwhelm'd & ſorrow drown'd

46. How long ſhall we thy abſence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord retire?
Shall thy conſuming anger burn
'Till that and we at once expire?
47. Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a ſpace
Thou doſt for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race,
But loading it with grief and pain.

48. What man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable doom?
Or reſcue from the grave his ſoul,
The grave that muſt mankind entomb?
49. Lord, where's thy love, thy boundleſs Grace
The oath to which thy truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to David and his race,
The grant which time ſhou'd ne'er repeal?

50. See how thy ſervants treated are
With infamy, reproach and ſpite;
Which in my ſilent breaſt I bear
From nations of licentious might.
51. How they, reproaching thy great name
Have made thy ſervants hope their jeſt:
52. Yet thy juſt praiſes we'll proclaim,
And ever ſing, *The Lord be bleſt.*
Amen, Amen.

PSALM

PSALM XC.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and defence
of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
our sure abiding place.
2. Before thou brought'st the mountains forth
or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the same:

3. Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, *Return*,
'tis instantly obey'd.
4. For in thy sight a thousand years
are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
whose hours unminded waste.

5. Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
we vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels
the sun's reviving beams:
6. But howsoever fresh and fair
its morning beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the ev'ning close.

7, 8. We by thine anger are consum'd,
and by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our publick crimes and secret sins
before thy Sight are laid.

9. Beneath

9. Beneath thy anger's sad effects
our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
like tales that quickly end.

10. Our term of time is seventy years,
an age that few survive:
But if, with more than common strength,
to eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boasted strength decays,
to sorrow turn'd and pain:
So soon the slender thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11. But who thy anger's dread effects
does as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
as more or less we fear.

12. So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
may ever be inclin'd.

13. O to thy servants, Lord, return,
and speedily relent!
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
of our just doom repent.

14. To satisfy and chear our souls,
thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come,
in joy and comfort spend.

15. Let

15. Let happy times with large amends
dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the leaſt the term
of our afflicted years.
16. To all thy ſervants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our Offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious pow'r be ſhown.

17. Let thy bright rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our work ſucceſs;
The glorious work we have in hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his guardian made,
ſhall, under the almighty's ſhade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide.
2. Thus to my ſoul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my fortreſs and my ſtay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

3. His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's ſnare,
And from the noiſome peſtilence:
4. He over thee his wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth ſhall be thy ſtrong defence.

5. No terrors that ſurprize by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly ſhafts that fly by day;

6. Nor

6. Nor plague, of unknown riſe, that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious ills
That in the hotteſt ſeaſon ſlay.

7. A thouſand at thy ſide ſhall die,
At thy right hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains:
8. Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The wicked's ſad cataſtrophe,
And count the ſinner's mournful gains.

9. Becauſe (with well-plac'd confidence)
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure defence,
And on the higheſt doſt rely;
10. Therefore no ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling ſhall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.

11. For he throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy ways,
Shall give his Angels ſtrict commands;
12. And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet
With ſome rough ſtone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their hands.

13. Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring feet ſhall lie.
14. Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.

15. He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when ill befals;

In-

Increaſe his honour and his wealth:
16. And when, with undiſturb'd content,
His long and happy life is ſpent,
His end I'll crown with ſaving health.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high;
And with repeated hymns of praiſe,
his name to magnify.
2. With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
his goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant truth, each night
the glad effects repeat.
3. To ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful pſalt'ries join'd,
And to the harp, with ſolemn ſounds,
for ſacred uſe deſign'd.
4. For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful voice.
5,6. How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord!
how deep are thy decrees!
Whoſe winding tracks, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid ſinner ſees.
7. He little thinks, when wicked men,
like graſs, look freſh and gay;
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd ſplendor muſt
for ever paſs away.

8, 9. But

8, 9. But thou, my God art ſtill moſt high;
and all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10. Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated head.

11. I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn foes
to utter ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal end of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12. But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
ſhall make a glorious ſhow;
As cedars that on Lebanon
in ſtately order grow.

13, 14. Theſe, planted in the houſe of God,
within his courts ſhall thrive;
Their vigour and their luſtre both
ſhall in old age revive.
15. Thus will the Lord his juſtice ſhew;
and God, my ſtrong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

WIth glory clad, with ſtrength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.

2. How

2. How surely stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3, 4. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
5. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2. O GOD to whom revenge belongs,
thy vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou judge of all the earth,
and crush thy haughty foes.
3, 4. How long, O Lord shall sinful men
their solemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boast,
and insolently speak?

5, 6. Not only they thy saints oppress,
but, unprovok'd, they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood,
and helpless orphans kill.
7. "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they speak)
"Nor any notice of our deeds
"the God of Jacob take."

8. Ar

8. At length, ye ſtupid fools, your wants
endeavour to diſcern;
In folly will you ſtill proceed,
and wiſdom never learn?
9, 10. Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
or blind who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe,
who his known will defy?
11. He fathoms all the thoughts of men,
to him their hearts lie bare;
His eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their counſels are.

PART II.

12. Bleſt is the man whom thou, O Lord,
in kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred rules to walk
do'ſt lovingly adviſe.
13. This man ſhall reſt and ſafety find
in ſeaſons of diſtreſs:
Whilſt God prepares a pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14. For God will never from his ſaints
his favour wholly take:
His own poſſeſſion and his lot,
he will not quite forſake.
15. The world ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright ways,
ſhall in thoſe paths go on.

16. Who will appear in my behalf,
(when wicked men invade)
Or who, when ſinners would oppreſs,
my righteous cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19. Long ſince had I in ſilence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlipt; when ſad,
my troubled heart to chear.

20. Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful throne ſuſtain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
their wicked ends to gain?
21. Againſt the lives of righteous men
they form their cloſe deſign;
And blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn league combine.

22. But my defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt high:
He is my rock, to which I may
for refuge always fly.
23. The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill deſigns
on their own heads to fall:
He in their ſins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty king:
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.

2. Into

2. Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3. For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great:
A king superior far to all,
Whom by his title God we call.
4. The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

5. The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his:
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
6. O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there:
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our maker fall.

7. For he's our God our shepherd he,
His flock and pasture sheep are we.
If then you'll (like his flock) draw near,
To-day if you his voice will hear,
8. Let not your harden'd hearts renew
Your fathers crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
In desert plains of Meribah!

9. When thro' the wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh temptations prov'd:
They ſtill, through unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous works beheld.
10, 11. They forty years my patience griev'd
Tho' daily I their wants reliev'd.
Then——'Tis a faithleſs race, I ſaid,
Whoſe heart from me has always ſtray'd;
They ne'er will tread my righteous path:
Therefore to them, in ſettled wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my reſt, I ſware,
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made ſong:
Let earth in one aſſembled throng,
Her common patron's praiſe reſound.
2. Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his name,
From day to day his peace proclaim,
Who us has with ſalvation crown'd.
3. To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.

4. He's great, and greatly to be prais'd:
In majeſty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities.
5. For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call:
He only rules who made the ſkies.
6. With majeſty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and ſtrength his throne ſurround;

7. Be

7. Be therefore both to him reſtor'd
By you who have falſe gods ador'd.
Aſcribe due honour to his name;
8. Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim.
9. To worſhip at his ſacred court,
Let all the trembling world reſort.

10. Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whoſe power the univerſe ſuſtains,
And baniſh'd juſtice will reſtore.
11. Let therefore Heav'n new joys confeſs,
And heav'nly mirth let earth expreſs,
Its loud applauſe the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

12. For joy let fertile vallies ſing,
The chearful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13. The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now ſits out with awful ſtate,
His circuit through the earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his juſt government rejoice;
Let all the iſles with ſacred mirth,
In his applauſe unite their voice.

2. Darkneſs

2. Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade
His dazling glory ſhroud in ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

3. Devouring fire before his face
His foes around with vengeance ſtruck;
4. His lightnings ſet the world on blaze;
Earth ſaw it, and with terror ſhook.
5. The proudeſt hills his preſence felt,
Their height nor ſtrength could help afford,
5. The proudeſt hills like wax did melt
In preſence of th' almighty Lord.

6. The heav'ns his righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With ſtorms of fire our foes purſu'd,
And all the trembling world below,
Have his defcending glory view'd.
7. Confounded be their impious hoſt,
Who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boaſt,
To him, ye gods, your worſhip pay.

8. Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have pagan pride and pow'r deſtroy'd.
9. For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd:
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the ſky,
Supreme by all the God's art own'd.

10. You

10. You who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem:
He'll keep his servants souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.
11. For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart upright,
To recompense its pious trust.

12. Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness,
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

1. SING to the Lord a new made song,
who wond'rous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm,
the conquest he has won.
2. The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world
display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
in all the heathen's sight.

3. Of Isr'el's house his love and truth
have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
of Isr'el's God have seen.
4. Let therefore earth's Inhabitants
their chearful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
resound their maker's praise.

5. With

5. With harps and hymns ſoft melody
into the conſort bring;
6. The trumpet and ſhrill cornet's ſound
before th' almighty king.
7. Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
with all that ſeas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants
join conſort with the main.

8. With joy let riv'lets ſwell to ſtreams,
to ſpreading torrents they;
And ecchoing vales, from hill to hill,
redoubled ſhouts convey;
9. To welcome down the world's great Judge,
who does with juſtice come,
And, with impartial equity,
both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
the guilty nations quake;
On cherubs wings he ſits enthron'd:
let earth's foundations ſhake.
2. On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
his palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his ſov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly pow'rs.

3. Let therefore all with praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful name,
And with his unreſiſted might
his holineſs proclaim.

4. For

4. For truth and juſtice, in his reign,
of ſtrength and pow'r take place:
His Judgments are with righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to Jacob's race.

5. Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted might,
his holineſs extol.
6. Moſes and Aaron thus of old,
amongſt his prieſts ador'd;
Amongſt his Prophets Samuel thus,
his ſacred name implor'd.

Diſtreſs'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their ſuit deny'd;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.
7. For, with their camp, to guide their march
the cloudy pillar mov'd:
They kept his laws, and to his will
obedient ſervants prov'd.

8. He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his people for their ſake;
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd
did ſad examples make.
9. With worſhip at his ſacred courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
alone ſhall be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
2 To God their chearful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
3. Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

4. O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
5. For he's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which all times firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF mercy's never-failing spring,
And stedfast judgment I will sing;
And since they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, address my song.
2. When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide;
With blameless life myself i'll make
A pattern for my court to take.

3. No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my fav'rites make that do.
4. Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally discard. 5. The

5. The private ſlanderer ſhall be
In publick juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty looks i'll turn aſide,
And mortify the heart of pride.

6. But honeſty, call'd from her cell,
In ſplendor at my court ſhall dwell:
Whoſe virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the firſt preferments there.
7. No politicks ſhall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er ſhall to my favour riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious lies.

8. All thoſe who wicked courſes take,
An early ſacrifice i'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, 'till none remain
God's holy city to prophane.

PSALM CII.

1. WHEN I pour out my ſoul in pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace,
let my ſad cry aſcend.
2. O hide not thou thy glorious face
in times of deep diſtreſs:
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
my ſorrows ſoon redreſs.

3. Each cloudy portion of my life
like ſcatter'd ſmoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd bones are like a hearth
that's parch'd with conſtant fires.

4. My

4. My heart, like graſs that feels the blaſt
of ſome infectious wind,
Does languiſh ſo with grief, that ſcarce
my needful food I mind.

5. By reaſon of my ſad eſtate,
I ſpend my breath in groans:
My fleſh is worn away, my ſkin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting bones.
6. I'm like a pelican become,
that does in deſarts mourn:
Or like an owl that ſits all day
on barren trees forlorn.

7. In watchings, or in reſtleſs dreams
the night by me is ſpent,
As by thoſe ſolitary birds
that loneſome roofs frequent.
8. All day by railing foes I'm made
the ſubject of their ſcorn;
Who all poſſeſs'd with furious rage,
have my deſtruction ſworn.

9. When grov'ling on the ground I lie,
oppreſs'd with grief and fears,
My bread is ſtrew'd with aſhes o'er,
my drink is mix'd with tears.
10. Becauſe on me with double weight
thy heavy wrath doth lie:
For thou, to make my fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11. My days juſt haſt'ning to their end,
are like an ev'ning ſhade:
My beauty does, like wither'd graſs,
with waning luſtre fade.
12. But thy eternal ſtate, O Lord,
no length of time ſhall waſte:
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works
from age to age ſhall laſt.

13. Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view
with an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, thy own
appointed day of grace.
14. Her ſcatter'd ruins, by thy ſaints
with pity are ſurvey'd:
They grieve to ſee her lofty ſpires
in duſt and rubbiſh laid.

15, 16. The name and glory of the Lord
all heathen kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall Sion build again,
and in full ſtate appear.
17, 18. When he regards the poor's requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt pray'r;
Our ſons for this recorded grace,
ſhall his juſt praiſe declare.

19. For God from his abode on high,
his gracious beams diſplay'd:
The Lord, from heav'n, his lofty throne,
hath all the earth ſurvey'd.

20. He liſt'ned to the captives moans,
he heard their mournful cry,
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs pow'r,
the wretches doom'd to die.

21. That they, in Sion where he dwells,
might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city ſing
loud praiſes to his name.

22. When all the tribes aſſembling there,
their ſolemn vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring lands, with glad conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.

23. But e'er my race is run, my ſtrength
through his fierce wrath decays;
He has, when all my wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful days.

24. Lord, end not thou my life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt:
Thy years from worldly changes free,
to endleſs ages laſt.

25. The ſtrong foundations of the earth
of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of Heav'n,
with wond'rous ſkill, have made:

26, 27. Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And like a garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their change,
to thy command they bend:
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy years an end.
28. Thou to the children of thy ſaints
ſhall laſting quiet give;
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fix'd,
ſhall in thy preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2. MY ſoul, inſpir'd with ſacred love,
God's holy name for ever bleſs;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful thanks expreſs.
3, 4. 'Tis he that all our ſins forgives,
And after ſickneſs makes me ſound:
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
5, 6. He with good things my mouth ſupplies,
My vigor, eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltleſs ſuff'rer cries,
His foe with juſt revenge purſues.
7. God made of old his righteous ways
To Moſes and our fathers known;
His works to his eternal praiſe,
Were to the ſons of Jacob ſhown.
8. The Lord abounds with tender love,
And inexampled acts of grace:
His waken'd wrath does ſlowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

9, 10. God

9. 10. God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his puniſhments to guide,
More by his love than our deſert.

11. As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little ſpote of clay;
So much his boundleſs love tranſcends
The ſmall reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13. As far as 'tis from eaſt to weſt,
So far has he our ſins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breaſt
Has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.

14, 15. For God, who all our frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but clay:
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our days
Like graſs or flow'rs muſt fade away:
16. 17. Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden blaſts
Nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful mercy ever laſts,
To thoſe that fear him, and their race.

18. This ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill
Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
But to it juſt obedience pay.
19, 20. The Lord, the univerſal king,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great ſtrength his pow'r is ſhown.

Ye

Ye that his juſt commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred will :
21. Ye hoſts of his this tribute pay,
Who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.
22. Let ev'ry creature jointly bleſt
The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,
With greatful joy thy thanks expreſs,
And in this conſort bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my ſoul ; thou, Lord, alone
Poſſeſſeſt empire without bounds,
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majeſty ſurrounds.
2. With light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heav'n's curtains ſtretch, beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of ſtate to make.

3. God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the ſkies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and ſtorms
The ſwift-wing'd ſteeds with which he flies
4. As bright as flame, as ſwift as wind,
His miniſters heav'n's palace fill,
To have their ſundry taſks aſſign'd :
All proud to ſerve their ſov'reign's will.

5, 6. Earth on her centure fix'd, he ſet,
Her face with waters overſpread ;
Nor proudeſt mountains dar'd as yet,
To lift above the waves their head.

7. But

7. But when thy awful face appear'd,
Th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their dread.

8. Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And gushing from the mountain's side,
Thro' vallies travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.
9. There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
The threat'ning surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

PART II.

10. Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn,
Surprize the vales with plenteous rills.
11. The fields tame beasts are thither led,
Weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses on wild mountains bred,
Have sense to find these currents out.

12. There shady trees from scorching beams,
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.
13. His rains from heav'n parch'd hills re-
That soon transmit the liquid store; [cruit,
'Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,
And nature's lap can hold no more.

14. Grass,

14. Graſs, for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs, for man's uſe, of various pow'r,
That either food or phyſick yield.
15. With cluſter'd grapes he crowns the vine
To chear man's heart, oppreſt with cares;
Gives oil that makes his face to ſhine;
And corn, that waſted ſtrength repairs.

PART III.

16. The trees of God, without the care,
Or art of man, with ſap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair,
As thoſe in royal gardens bred.
17. Safe in the lofty cedar's arms
The wand'rers of the air may reſt;
The hoſpitable pine from harms
Protects the ſtork, her pious gueſt.

18. Wild goats the craggy rock aſcend,
Its tow'ring heights their fortreſs make,
Whoſe cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.
19. The moon's inconſtant aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed ſeaſons of the year;
Th' inſtructed Sun his duty knows,
His hours to riſe and diſappear.

20, 21. Darkneſs he makes the earth to ſhroud,
When foreſt-beaſts ſecurely pray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To providence, that ſends them prey.

22. They

22. They range all night, on ſlaughter bent
'Till ſummon'd by the riſing morn,
To ſkulk in dens, with one conſent,
The conſcious ravagers return.

23. Forth to the tillage of his ſoil,
The huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the ſun his toil,
With him returns to his repoſe.

24. How various, Lord, thy Works are found;
For which, thy wiſdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treaſure crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25. But ſtill, the vaſt unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new ſcene ſupplies,
Whoſe depths inhabitants contain,
Of ev'ry form and ev'ry ſize.

26. Full-freighted ſhips from ev'ry port,
There cut their unmoleſted way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has compaſs there to play.

27. Theſe various troops of ſea and land,
In ſenſe of common want agree:
All wait on thy diſpenſing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

28. They gather what thy ſtores diſperſe,
Without their trouble to provide:
Thou op'ſt thy hand, the univerſe,
The craving world is all ſupply'd.

29. Thou

29. Thou for a moment hid'ſt thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn:
Theu tak'ſt their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother earth return.
30. Again thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit forth
T'inſpire the maſs with vital ſeed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and parent-earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.
31. Thus through ſucceſſive ages ſtands
Firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou doſt the waſtes of time repair.
32. One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breaſt with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of ſmoak,
In darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt hills.
33. In praiſing God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
34. And join devotion to my ſongs
Sincere, as in him is my joy:
35. While ſinners from earth's face are hurl'd
My ſoul, praiſe thou his holy name,
'Till with my ſong, the liſt'ning world
Join conſort, and his praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render thanks and bleſs the Lord;
invoke his ſacred name;
Acquaint the nation with his deeds,
his matchleſs deeds proclaim,

2. Sing

2. Sing to his praiſe, in lofty hymns
his wondrous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe
and ſubject of your verſe.

3, Rejoice in his almighty name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.

4. Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength
devoutly ſtill implore;
And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his face for evermore.

5. The wonders that his hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous ſtatutes of his mouth,
and laws to us aſſign'd.

6. Know ye his ſervant Abr'am's ſeed,
and Jacob's choſen race,

7. He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the earth take place.

8. His cov'nant he hath kept in mind
for num'rous ages paſt,
Which yet for thouſand ages more,
in equal force ſhall laſt.

9. Firſt ſign'd to Abr'am, next by oath
to Iſaac made ſecure;

10. To Jacob and his heirs a law
for ever to endure:

11. That

11. That Canaan's land ſhould be their lot,
when yet but few they were:
12. But few in number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs ſtrangers there.
13. In pilprimage, from realm to realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
14. Whilſt proudeſt monarchs for their ſakes,
ſeverely he reprov'd:
15. "Theſe mine anointed are, ſaid he,
"let none my ſervants wrong,
"Nor treat the pooreſt prophet ill,
"that does to me belong."
16. A dearth at laſt, by his command,
did through the land prevail;
'Till corn, the chief ſupport of life,
ſuſtaining corn did fail.
17. But his indulgent providence
had pious Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death
who ſold him to prevent.
18. His feet with heavy chains were cruſh'd,
with calumny his fame;
19. 'Till God's appointed time and word
to his deliv'rance came.
20. The king his ſov'reign order ſent;
and reſcu'd him with ſpeed;
Whom private malice had confin'd,
the peoples ruler freed.

21. His

21. His court, revenues, realms, were all
subjected to his will;
22. His greateſt princes to controul,
and teach his ſtateſmen ſkill.

PART II.

23. To Egypt then, invited gueſt,
half-famiſh'd Iſr'el came;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,
the fertile ſoil of Ham.
24. Th' almighty there with ſuch increaſe
his people multiply'd,
'Till with their proud oppreſſors they
in ſtrength and number vy'd.
25. Their vaſt increaſe th' Egyptian hearts
with jealous anger fir'd,
'Till they his ſervants to deſtroy
by treach'rous arts conſpir'd.
26. His ſervant Moſes then he ſent,
his choſen Aaron too;
27. Empower'd with ſigns and miracles
to prove their miſſion true.
28. He call'd for darkneſs, darkneſs came,
nature his ſummons knew;
29. Each ſtream and lake, transform'd to
the wand'ring fiſhes flew. [Blood,
30. In putrid floods, throughout the land,
the peſt of frogs was bred;
From noiſome fens ſent up to croak
at Pharaoh's board and bed.

31. He

31. He gave the ſign, and ſwarms of flies
came down in cloudy hoſts ;
Whilſt earth's enliven'd duſt below
bred lice through all their coaſts.
32. He ſent them batt'ring hail for rain,
and fire for cooling dew.
33. He ſmote their vines, and foreſt plants,
and garden's pride o'erthrew.

34. He ſpake the word, and locuſts came,
and caterpillers join'd ;
They prey'd upon the poor remains
the ſtorm had left behind.
35. From trees to herbage they deſcend,
no verdent thing they ſpare ;
But like the naked fallow field,
leave all the paſtures bare.

36. From fields to villages and towns,
commiſſion'd vengeance flew ;
One fatal ſtroke their eldeſt hopes
and ſtrength of Egypt ſlew.
37 He brought his ſervants forth, enrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd wealth ;
And what tranſcends all treaſures elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous health.

38. Egypt rejoic'd, in hopes to find
her plagues with them remov'd ;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills
by thoſe already prov'd.

39. Their shrouding canopy by day
a journeying cloud was spread:
A fiery pillar all the night
their desart marches led.

40. They long'd for flesh; with ev'ning
he furnish'd ev'ry tent: [Quails
From heav'n's own granary, each morn,
the bread of angels sent.

41. He smote the rock; whose flinty breast
pour'd forth a gushing tide,
Whose flowing stream, where'er they march'd
the desart's drought supply'd.

42. For still he did on abr'am's faith
and ancient league reflect:

43. He brought his people forth with joy,
with triumph his elect.

44. Quite rooting out their heathen foes
from Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave
the fruit of others toil:

45. That they his statutes might observe,
his sacred laws obey,
For benefits so vast, let us
our songs of praise repay.

PSALM CVI.

O Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2. Who

2. Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe,
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray:
Who know what's right; nor only ſo,
But always practice what they know.

4. Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen do'ſt afford:
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

5. O may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy ſaints in full proſperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

6. But ah! can we expect ſuch grace,
Of parents vile, the viler race;
Who their miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increas'd the ſcore?

7. Ingrateful, they no longer thought
Of all his works in Egypt wrought;
The red ſea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe diſtruſt renew'd.

8. Yet he, to vindicate his name,
Once more to their deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.

9. To right and left, at his command,
The parting deep diſcles'd her ſand;
Where firm and dry the paſſage lay,
As through ſome parch'd and defart way.
10. Thus reſcu'd from their foes they were
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their rear,
11. Whoſe rage purſu'd 'em to thoſe waves
That prov'd the raſh purſuers graves.

12. The watry mountains ſudden fall
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, hoſt and all,
This proof did ſtupid Iſr'el move
To own God's truth, and praiſe his love.

PART II.

13. But ſoon theſe wonders they forgot
And for his counſel waited not;
14. But luſting in the wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh temptations preſs.
15. Strong food at their requeſt he ſent,
But made their ſin their puniſhment.
16. Yet ſtill his ſaints they did oppoſe,
The prieſt and prophet whom he choſe.

17. But earth, the quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful jaws extended wide,
Raſh Dathan to her centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious crew.
18. The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire
To kindle wild ſedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became
A prey to heav'n's devouring flame.

19. Near

29. Near Horeb's mount, a calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
20. Adoring what their hands did frame,
They chang'd their glory to their shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in Egypt wrought;
22. His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast,
And where proud pharaoh's troops were lost.

23. Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,
But Moses in the breach appear'd;
The saints did for the rebels pray,
And turn'd heav'n's kindled wrath away.
24,25. Yet they his pleasant land despis'd,
Nor his repeated promise priz'd,
Nor did th' almighty's voice obey;
But when God said, *go up*, would stay.

26,27. This seal'd their doom, without redress
To perish in the wilderness;
Or else to be by heathen hands
O'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the lands.

PART III.

28. Yet unreclaim'd, this stubborn race
Baal peor's worship did embrace;
Became his impious guests, and fed
On sacrifices to the dead.
29. Thus they persisted to provoke
God's vengance to the final stroke.
'Tis come:—the deadly pest is come
To execute their gen'ral doom.

30. But

30 But Phinehas fir'd with holy rage,
(Th' almighty vengeance to assuage)
Did, by two bold offenders fall,
Th' atonement make that ransom'd all.
31. As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd,
So heav'n the zealous act approv'd;
To him confirming and his race,
The priesthood he so well did grace.

32. At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd,
Who Moses for their sakes reprov'd;
33. Whose patient soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek prophet spoke.
34. Nor when possess'd of Canaan's land,
Did they perform their Lord's command,
Nor his commission'd sword employ
The guilty nations to destroy.

35. Nor only spar'd the Pagan crew,
But mingling learnt their vices too;
36. And worship to those idols paid,
Which them to fatal snares betray'd.
37, 38. To devils they did sacrifice
Their children with relentless eyes;
Approach'd their altars thro' a flood
Of their own sons and daughters blood.

No cheaper victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless deities;
No blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

PART

PART IV.

39. Nor did these savage cruelties
The harden'd reprobates suffice;
For after their hearts lusts they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.
40. But sins of such infernal hue
God's wrath against his people drew,
'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.

41. He them defenceless did expose
To their insulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumphs wait,
Of those who bore them greatest hate.
42. Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their list of tyrants he increas'd,
'Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd,
Were made the Vassals of mankind.

43. Yet, when distress'd, they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent:
But freed, they did his wrath provoke,
Renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
44. Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd;
45. But did to mind his promise bring,
And mercy's inexhausted spring.

46. Compassion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their foes obdurate heart,
And pity for their suff'rings bred
In those who them to bondage led.

47. Still

47. Still save us, Lord, and Isr'el's bands
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy praise.

48. Let Isr'el's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd:
Let all his saints with full accord
Sing loud *Amen.*——*praise ye the Lord.*

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does your daily patron prove:
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

2, 3 Let those give thanks whom he from
Of proud oppressing foes releas'd; [bands
And brought them back from distant lands,
From north and south, and west and east.

4, 5. Through lonely desart ways they went,
Nor cou'd a peopled city find;
'Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,
Their fainting soul within them pin'd.

6. Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

7. From crooked paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide,
To wealthy towns of great resort,
Where all their wants were well supply'd.

8. O

8. O then that all the earth, with me,
Would God for this his goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!

9. For he from heav'n the ſad eſtate
Of longing ſouls with pity views;
To hungry ſouls that pant for meat,
His goodneſs daily food renews.

PART II.

10. Some lie, with darkneſs compaſs'd round
In death's uncomfortable ſhade;
And with unweildy fetters bound,
By preſſing cares more heavy made.
11, 12. Becauſe God's counſel they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy word,
With theſe afflictions they were try'd:
They fell, and none could help afford.

13. Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep diſtreſs.
14. From diſmal dungeons, dark as night,
And ſhades as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to chearful light,
And welcome liberty beſtow'd.

15. O then that all the earth, with me,
Would God for this his goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world diſplay

16. For he with his almighty hand,
The gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor cou'd the massy bars withstand,
Or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

PART III.

17. remorseless wretches, void of sense,
With bold transgressions God defy;
And for their multiply'd offence.
Oppress'd with sore diseases lie:
18. Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
abhors to taste the choicest meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near
To death's inhospitable gates.

19. Then straight to God's indulgent ear,
Do they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.
20 He all their sad distempers heals
His word both health and safety gives;
And when all human succour fails,
From near destruction them retrieves.

21. O then that all the earth, with me,
Would God for this his goodness praise;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!
22. With off'rings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name
For all his acts of wonder bless!

PART IV.

23, 24. They that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.
25. No sooner his command is past,
But forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise.

26. Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to heav'n,
On tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driv'n,
Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
27. They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd;
Nor do the skilful seamen know
Which way to steer, what course is best.

28. Then straight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.
29, 30. He does the raging storm appease,
And makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see their fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.

31. O then that all the earth, with me,
Would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

32. Let

32. Let them, where all the tribes resort,
Advance to heav'n his glorious name,
And in the elders sov'reign court
With one consent his praise proclaim!

PART V.

33,34. A fruitful land, where streams abound
God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.
35,36. The parch'd and desart heath he makes
To flow with streams and springing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
And in strong cities safely dwells.

37,38. He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
His fruitful seed or stock decay.
39. But when his sins heav'n's wrath provoke
His health and substance fade away;
He feels th' oppressor's galling yoke,
And is of grief the wretched prey.

40 The prince that slights what God commands
Expos'd to scorn, must quit his throne;
And over wild and desert lands,
Where no path offers, stray alone
41. Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
Sets up the humble man on high;
And makes in time his num'rous heirs
With his increasing flocks to vie.

42, 43. Then

42,43. Then ſinners ſhall have nought to ſay
The juſt a decent joy ſhall ſhow ;
The wiſe theſe ſtrange events ſhall weigh,
And thence God's goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
to magnify thy name ;
My tongue with chearful ſongs of praiſe
ſhall celebrate thy fame.
2. Awake, my lute ; nor thou my harp,
thy warbling notes delay ;
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy
prevent the dawning day.

3. To all the liſt'ning tribes, O Lord,
thy wonders I will tell,
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe
that round about us dwell ;
4. Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height
the higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds
thy faithful truth extends.

5. Be thou, O God exalted high
above the ſtarry frame ;
And let the world, with one conſent,
confeſs thy glorious name.
6. That all thy choſen people thee
their Saviour may declare ;
Let thy right hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer thou my pray'r.

7. Since

7. Since God himſelf has ſaid the word,
whoſe promiſe cannot fail,
With joy I Sichem will divide,
and meaſure Succoth's vale:
8. Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh too,
and Ephraim owns my cauſe:
Their ſtrength my regal pow'r ſupports,
and Judah gives my laws.

9. Moab I'll make my ſervile drudge,
on vanquiſh'd Edom tread;
And thro' the proud Philiſtine lands,
my conqu'ring banners ſpread.
10. By whoſe ſupport and aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops ſecurely lead
thro' Edom's guarded plain?

11. Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our arms,
which late thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not thou, of theſe our hoſts,
once more the guidance take?
12. O to thy ſervant in diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy ſuccour ſend;
For vain it is on human aid
for ſafety to depend.

13. Then valiant acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our foes.

PSALM

PSALM CIX.

1 O GOD, whose former mercies make
my constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
with wonted favour view.
2. For sinful men, with lying lips,
deceitful speeches frame,
And with their study'd slanders seek
to wound my spotless fame.
3. Their restless hatred prompts them still
malicious lies to spread;
And all against my life combine,
by causeless fury led.
4. Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd,
my chief Oppofers are;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
resort to thee by pray'r.
5. Since mischief, for the good I did,
their strange reward does prove;
And hatred's the return they make
for undissembled love:
6. Their guilty leader shall be made
to some ill man a slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal foe
for his accuser have.
7. His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd,
shall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves
his crimes to aggravate.

8. He

8. He snatch'd by some untimely fate,
shan't live out half his days:
Another, by divine decree,
shall on his office seize.

9, 10. His seed shall orphans be, his wife
a widow plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread,
where none can give relief.
11. His ill got riches shall be made
to usurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil shall be
by strangers born away.

12. None shall be found that to his wants
their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed
the least assistance lend.
13. A swift destruction soon shall seize
on his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name
shall utterly deface.

14. The vengeance of his father's sins,
upon his head shall fall;
God on his mother's crimes shall think,
and punish him for all.
15. All these in horrid order rank'd,
before the Lord shall stand,
'Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
their mem'ry from the land.

PART

PART II.

16. Becauſe he never mercy ſhew'd
but ſtill the poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs man,
with heavy woes diſtreſs'd.
17. Therefore the curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own portion prove;
And bleſſing, which he ſtill abhorr'd,
ſhall far from him remove.

18. Since he in curſing took ſuch pride,
like water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his veins, and ſtick like oil
with which his bones are fed.
19. This, like a poiſon'd robe, ſhall ſtill
his conſtant cov'ring be;
Or an envenom'd belt, from which
he never ſhall be free.

20. Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
that Ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe reports
againſt my life combine.
21. But for thy glorious name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious mercy's ſake,
preſerve and ſet me free:

22. For I, to utmoſt ſtraits reduc'd,
am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with diſtreſs,
and quite pierc'd thro' with grief.

23. I,

23. I, like an ev'ning ſhade, decline,
which vaniſhes apace;
Like locuſts up and down I'm toſs'd,
and have no certain place.

24, 25. My knees with faſting are grown weak,
my body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their heads,
and treat me with diſdain.

26, 27. But for thy mercies ſake, O Lord,
do thou my foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own act,
the work of thy right hand.

28. Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs;
let ſhame the portion be
Of all that my deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoice in thee.

29. My foe ſhall with diſgrace be cloath'd,
and ſpite of all his pride,
His own confuſion, like a cloak,
the guilty wretch ſhall hide.

30. But I to God, in grateful thanks,
my chearful voice will raiſe;
And where the great aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble praiſe.

31. For him the poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous dooms
their guiltleſs ſouls defend.

PSALM CX.

1. THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
" 'Till I thy foes thy footſtool make
" Sit thou in ſtate, at my right hand :
2. " Supreme in Sion thou ſhalt be,
" And all thy proud oppoſers ſee
" Subjected to thy juſt command.

3. " Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
" The willing nations ſhall obey ;
" And when thy riſing beams they view
" Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
" Appear as numberleſs and bright
" as cryſtal drops of morning dew."

4. The Lord hath ſworn, nor ſworn in vain
That like Melchizedeck's, thy reign
And prieſthood ſhall no period know :
5. No proud competitor to ſit
At thy right hand will he permit ;
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.

6. The ſentenc'd heathen he ſhall ſlay,
And fill with carcaſſes his way,
'Till he hath ſtruck earth's tyrants dead :
7. But in the high-way brooks ſhall firſt
Like a poor pilgrim ſlack his thirſt,
And then in triumph raiſe his head.

PSALM CXI.

1. PRaiſe ye the Lord ; our God to praiſe
My ſoul her utmoſt pow'rs ſhall raiſe
With private friends, and in the throng
Of ſaints his praiſe ſhall be my ſong. 2. His

2. His works, for greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous works with eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.

3. His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd thro, ages paſt,
Shall to eternal ages laſt.

4. By precept he has us enjon'd,
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
And to poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5. His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his ſervants wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind,
His cov'nant with our fathers ſign'd.

6. At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs pow'r employ'd,
Whereby the heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their heritage poſſeſs'd.

7. Juſt are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
8. By truth and equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd,
9. He ſet his ſaints from bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his decree,
For ever to remain the ſame;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.

10. Who wiſdom's ſacred prize would win,
Muſt with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praiſe and heav'nly ſkill
Have they who know and do his Will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law:
2. His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.
3. His houſe, the ſeat of wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

4. The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night:
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.
5. His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs.

6. Beſet with threatning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground:
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.
7. Ill tidings never can ſurprize
His heart, that fix'd on God relies:
8. On ſafety's rock he ſits, and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies. 9. His

9. His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown
A temp'ral and eternal crown.
10. The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
2. His sacred name for ever bless.
3. Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

4. God thro' the world extends his sway:
The regions of eternal day,
But shadows of his glory are.
5. To him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

6. Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

7. When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,

To

To rescue their expiring name :
Makes her that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear,
O then extol his matchless fame !

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN Isr'el, by th' almighty led,
(enrich'd with their oppressor's
From Egypt march'd and Jacob's seed [Spoil)
From bondage in a foreign soil ;
2. Jehovah, for his residence,
Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion royal, and from thence
Thro' Isr'el's camp his orders sent.

3. The distant sea with terror saw,
And from the Almighty's presence fled ;
Old Jordan's streams surpriz'd with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.
4. The taller mountain's skipp'd like rams,
When danger near the fold they hear ;
The hills skipp'd after them like lambs,
Affrighted by their leader's fear.

5. O Sea, what made your tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy bed ?
Why Jordan, against nature's law,
Recoild'st thou to thy fountain's head ?
6. Why mountains did ye skip like rams,
When danger does approach the fold ?
Why after you the hills like lambs,
When they their leader's flight behold ?

7. Earth

7. Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear
Thy Lord and maker's face to ſee:
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and ſeas to flee.
8. To flee from God, who nature's law
Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who ſprings from flinty rocks can draw,
And thirſty vales with water fill.

PSALM CXV.

1. LORD, not to us, we claim no ſhare,
but to thy ſacred name
Give glory, for thy mercy's ſake,
and truth's eternal fame.
2. Why ſhould the heathen cry, where's
the God whom we adore? [now
3. Convince them that in heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy pow'r.

4. Their Gods but gold and ſilver are,
the works of mortal hands;
5. With ſpeechleſs mouth, and ſightleſs eyes
the molten Idol ſtands.
6. The pageant has both ears and noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7. Its hands and feet nor feel, nor move;
no life within it dwells.

8. Such ſenſeleſs ſtocks they are, that we
can nothing like 'em find;
But thoſe who on their help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.

9. O

9. O Isr'el, make the Lord your trust
who is your help and shield ;
10. Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
who only help can yield.

11. Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear rely ;
Who them in danger can defend,
and all their wants supply.
12, 13. Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Isr'el's house will bless ;
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all
who his great name confess.

14. On you, and on your heirs he will
increase of blessings bring :
15. Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
of this almighty king.
16. Heav'n's highest orb of glory, he
his empire's seat design'd ;
And give this lower globe of earth
a portion to mankind.

17. They who in death and silence sleep
to him no praise afford :
18. But we will bless for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY soul, with grateful thoughts of love
entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the voice of my request.

2. Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the ſtraits of life
to him addreſs my pray'r.

3. With deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round,
with pains of hell oppreſs'd;
When troubles ſeiz'd my aking heart,
and anguiſh rack'd my breaſt:
4. On God's almighty name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my ſoul,
"with ſorrows quite diſmay'd";

5, 6. How juſt and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
does timely help afford.
7. Then free from penſive cares, my ſoul
reſume thy wonted reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteo us love expreſt.

8. When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my dangers and my fears:
My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my eyes from tears.
9. Therefore my life's remaining years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his name,
and in his ſervice ſpend.

10, 11. In

10, 11. In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt ſtraits did boaſt;
(For in my flight all hopes of aid
from faithleſs men were loſt;)
12, 13. Then what return to him ſhall I
for all his goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his name, and with glad zeal
the cup of bleſſing take.
14, 15. I'll pay my vows amongſt his ſaints
whoſe blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked men) in God's account
is always highly priz'd:
16. By various ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's ſon before,
thy ranſom'd captive now;
17, 18. To thee I'll off'rings bring of praiſe
and whilſt I bleſs thy name,
The juſt performance of my vows
to all thy ſaints proclaim.
19. They in Jeruſalem ſhall meet,
and in thy houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy name with one conſent,
and mix their ſongs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WITH chearful notes let all the earth
to heav'n their voices raiſe:
Let all, inſpir'd with godly mirth,
ſing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.

2. God's tender mercy knows no bound,
his truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round,
their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
2 his mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind favours ever laſt,
let thankful Iſr'el ſay.

3, 4. Their ſenſe of his eternal love,
let Aaron's houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord, confeſs.

5. To God I made my humble moan,
with troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my ſtraits,
and granted my requeſt.

6. Since therefore God does on my ſide
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain attempts of men
poſſeſs my ſoul with fear?

7. Since God with thoſe that aid my cauſe
vouchſafes my part to take;
To all my foes, I need not doubt,
a juſt return to make.

8, 9. For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greateſt human pow'r
for ſafety to depend.

10, 11. Tho'

10, 11. Tho' many nations clofely leagu'd,
did oft befet me round ;
Yet by his boundlefs pow'r fuftain'd,
I did their ftrength confound.
12. They fwarm'd like bees, and yet their [Rage
was but a fhort-liv'd blaze ;
For whilft on God I ftill rely'd,
I vanquifh'd them with eafe.

13. When all united prefs'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall ;
The Lord vouchfaf'd to take my part,
and fav'd me from them all.
14. The honour of my ftrange efcape
to him alone belongs ;
He is my Saviour and my ftrength,
he only claims my fongs.

15. Joy fills the dwelling of the juft,
whom God has fav'd from harm ;
For wond'rous things are brought to pafs
by his almighty arm.
16. He, by his own refiftlefs pow'r,
has endlefs honour won ;
The faving ftrength of his right hand,
amazing works has done.

17. God will not fuffer me to fall,
but ftill prolongs my days ;
That by declaring all his works
I may advance his praife.

18. When

18. When God had ſorely me chaſtiz'd,
till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death
my fainting life repriev'd.

19. Then open wide the temple gates
to which the juſt repair,
That I may enter in and praiſe
my great deliv'rer there.

20, 21. Within thoſe gates of God's abode
to which the righteous preſs,
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy name I'll bleſs.

22, 23. That which the builders once refus'd
is now the corner ſtone.
This is the wond'rous work of God,
the work of God alone.

24, 25. This day is God's; let all the land
exalt their chearful voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoice.

26. Him that approaches in God's name,
let all th' aſſembly bleſs;
"We that belong to God's own houſe
"have wiſh'd you good ſucceſs."

27. God is the Lord, through whom we all
both light and comfort find;
Faſt to the altar's horns with cords
the choſen victim bind.

28. Thou

28. Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
29. O then with me give thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praiſe
be endleſs as his love.

PSALM CXIX. *ALEPH.*

1. HOW bleſs'd are they who always keep
the pure and perfect way!
Who never from the ſacred paths
of God's commandments ſtray!
2. Thrice bleſs'd! who to his righteous laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
his favour ſought to win!
3. Such men their utmoſt caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
with conſtant care proceed.
4. Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred will;
And all our diligence employ
thy ſtatutes to fulfil.
5. O then that thy moſt holy will
might o'er my ways preſide!
And I the courſe of all my life
by thy direction guide!

6. Then

6. Then with assurance should I walk,
from all confusion free ;
Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways
with thy commands agree.

7. My upright heart shall my glad mouth
with chearful praises fill ;
When by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.

8. So to thy sacred law shall I
all due observance pay :
O then forsake me not, my God,
nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9. How shall the young preserve their ways
from all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life
with thy commands agree.

10. With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
to thee for succour pray ;
O suffer not my careless steps
from thy right paths to stray.

11. Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
thy word, my treasure, lies ;
To succour me with timely aid,
when sinful thoughts arise.

12. Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
shall ever bless thy name ;
O teach me then by thy just laws
my future life to frame.

14. My

13. My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
to others have declar'd;
How well the judgments of thy mouth
deserve our best regard.
14. Whilst in the way of thy commands
more solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
of envy'd riches crown'd.

15. Therefore thy just and upright laws
shall always fill my mind,
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st,
all due respect shall find.
16. To keep thy statutes undefac'd
shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17. Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
my time to come may spend.
18. Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
that so I may discern
The wondrous things which they behold
who thy just precepts learn.

19. Tho' like a stranger in the land,
from place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight,
remove not thou away.

20. My fainting ſoul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager ſearch
of thy juſt will intent.

21. Thy ſharp rebuke ſhall cruſh the proud
whom ſtill thy curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.

22. But far from me do thou, O Lord,
contempt and ſhame remove;
For I thy ſacred laws affect
with undiſſembled love.

23. Tho' princes oft, in council met,
againſt thy ſervant ſpake;
Yet I thy ſtatutes to obſerve,
my conſtant bus'neſs make.

24. For thy commands have always been
my comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care,
to guide my ſteps aright.

DALETH.

25. My ſoul oppreſs'd with deadly care,
cloſe to the duſt does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd aid receive.

26. To thee I ſtill declar'd my ways,
and thou inclin'dſt thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
by thy juſt laws to ſteer.

27. If

27. If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
and by thy guidance walk,
The wond'rous works which thou haſtdone,
ſhall be my conſtant talk.
28. But ſee, my ſoul within me ſinks,
preſs'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
my waſted ſtrength repair.

29. Far, far from me be all falſe ways,
and lying arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the path by thee approv'd.
30. Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
my happy choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my rule of life
before me always laid.

31. My care has been to make my life
with thy commands agree;
O then preſerve thy ſervant, Lord,
from ſhame and ruin free.
32. So in the way of thy commands
ſhall I with pleaſure run,
And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

HE.

33. Inſtruct me in thy ſtatutes, Lord,
thy righteous paths diſplay;
And I from them, through all my life,
will never go aſtray.

34. If thou true wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
devote my zealous heart.

35. Direct me in the ſacred ways
to which thy precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief delight has been
thy righteous paths to tread.
36. Do thou to thy moſt juſt commands
incline my willing heart;
Let no deſire of worldly wealth
from thee my thoughts divert.

37. From thoſe vain objects turn my eyes
which this falſe world diſplays;
But give me lively pow'r and ſtrength
to keep thy righteous ways.
38. Confirm the promiſe which thou mad'ſt
and give thy ſervant aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred laws
is awfully afraid.

39. The foul diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in mercy Lord remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'ſt
are full of grace and love.
40. Thou know'ſt how, after thy commands
my longing heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd ſuccour grant.

VAU.

VAU.

41. Thy conſtant bleſſing, Lord beſtow,
to chear my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
thy ſaving health impart.
42. So ſhall I, when my foes upbraid,
this ready anſwer make;
"In God I truſt, who never will
"his faithful promiſe break."

43. Then let not quite the word of truth
be from my mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my ground of ſtedfaſt hope
thy juſt decrees have prov'd.
44. So I to keep thy righteous laws,
will all my ſtudy bend;
From age to age, my time to come
in their obſervance ſpend.

45. E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all incumbrance free;
Since I reſolve to make my life
with thy commands agree.
46. Thy laws ſhall be my conſtant talk;
and princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the juſtice of thy ways
with confidence defend.

47. My longing heart and raviſh'd ſoul
ſhall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I
my happy hours employ.

48. Then

48. Then will I to thy juſt decree
lift up my willing hands;
My care and buſ'neſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy commands.

ZAIH.

49. According to thy promis'd grace,
thy favour, Lord, extends;
Make good to me the word, on which
thy ſervant's hopes depend.
50. That only comfort in diſtreſs
did all my griefs controul;
Thy word when troubles hemm'd me round
reviv'd my fainting ſoul.

51. Inſulting foes did proudly mock,
and all my hopes deride;
Yet, from thy law, not all their ſcoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52. Thy Judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call to mind,
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch thoughts, my ſoul
did ſpeedy comfort find.

53. Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful foes
have thy juſt laws forſook.
54. But I thy ſtatutes and decrees
my chearful anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange lands and deſarts wild
I like a pilgrim ſtray'd.

55. Thy

55. Thy name, that chear'd my heart by day,
has fill'd my thoughts by night
I then resolv'd by thy just laws,
to guide my steps aright.
56. That peace of mind, which has my soul
in deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57. O Lord, my God, my portion thou
and sure possession art;
Thy words I stedfastly resolve
to treasure in my heart.
58. With all the strength of warm desires
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
thy mercies boundless store.

59. With due reflection and strict care
on all my ways I thought,
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
my wand'ring steps I brought.
60. I lost no time, but made great haste
resolv'd, without delay,
To watch that I might never more
from thy commandments stray.

61. Tho' num'rous troops of sinful men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
have ever kept in mind.

62. In

62. In dead of night I will arise
to sing thy solemn praise;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous ways.

63. To such as fear thy holy name,
myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills
to thy commands resign.
64. O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn,
thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65. With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
according to thy word.
66. Teach me the sacred skill by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
have stedfastly remain'd.

67. Before affliction stop'd my course,
my footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd,
thy precepts to obey.
68. Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
and all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
thy saving skill bestow.

69. The

69. The proud have forg'd malicious lies,
my ſpotleſs fame to ſtain;
But my fix'd heart, without reſerve,
thy precepts ſhall retain.
70. While pamper'd they with proſp'rous Ill's
in ſenſual pleaſures live,
My ſoul can reliſh no delight,
but what thy precepts give.

71. 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning rod,
That I might duly learn, and keep
the ſtatutes of my God.
72. The law that from thy mouth proceeds
of more eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thouſand mines
of ſilver and of gold.

JOD.

73. To me, who am the workmanſhip
of thy almighty hands,
The heav'nly underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt commands.
74. My preſervation to thy ſaints
ſtrong comfort will afford,
To ſee ſucceſs attend my hopes,
who truſted in thy word.

75. That right thy judgments are, I now
by ſure experience ſee:
And that in faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.

76. O

76. O let thy tender mercy now
afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
to me, thy servant, made.

77. To me thy saving grace restore,
that I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight,
but what thy precepts give.
78. Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws
employ my harmless thought.

79. Let those that fear thy name espouse
my cause, and those alone
Who have by strict and pious search
thy sacred precepts know.
80. In thy blest statutes let my heart
continue always sound,
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH.

81. My soul with long expectance faints
to see thy saving grace:
Yet still on thy unerring word
my confidence I place.
82. My very eyes consume and fail
with writing for thy word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief
and promis'd aid afford.

83. My

83. My skin like shrivel'd parchment shows,
that long in smoak is set;
Yet no affliction me can force
thy statutes to forget.
84. How many days must I endure
of horror and distress?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppress?
85. The proud have digg'd a pit for me,
who have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
and thy just laws oppose.
86. With right and truth's eternal laws
all thy commands agree;
Men persecute me without cause,
thou, Lord, my helper be.
87. With close designs against my life
they had almost prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will
my duty never fail'd:
88. Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
my drooping heart to chear;
That by thy righteous statutes, I
my life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89. For ever and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word, establish'd in the heav'ns,
does all their orbs sustain.

90. Thro'

90. Thro' circling ages, Lord thy truth,
immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth which thou uphold'st
by thy almighty hand.

91. All things the course by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
and servants of thy will.

92. Unless thy sacred law had been
my comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd,
in dark affliction's night.

93. Thy precepts therefore from my tho'ts
shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
restor'd my dying heart.

94. As I am thine entirely thine
protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
and carefully perform.

95. The wicked have their ambush laid
my guiltless life to take;
But in the midst of danger I
thy word my study make.

96. I've seen an end, of what we call
perfection here below:
But thy commandments, like thyself,
no change or period know.

M E M.

97. The love that to thy laws I bear,
no language can display ;
They with freſh wonders entertain
my raviſh'd thoughts all day.
98. Thro' thy commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtle foes ;
For thy ſure word doth me direct,
and all my ways diſpoſe.

99. From me my former teachers now
may abler counſel take ;
Becauſe thy ſacred precepts I
my conſtant ſtudy make.
100. In underſtanding I excel
the ſages of our days ;
Becauſe by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.

101. My feet with care I have refrain'd
from ev'ry ſinful way,
That to thy ſacred word I might
entire obedience pay.
102. I have not from thy judgments ſtray'd
by vain deſires miſlead ;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous paths to tread.

103. How ſweet are all thy words to me ;
O what divine repaſt !
How much more grateful to my ſoul,
than honey to my taſte.

104. Taught

104. Taught by thy ſacred precepts, I
with heav'nly ſkill am bleſt,
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of ſin
I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105. Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
the way of truth to ſhow;
A watch-light to point out the path,
in which I ought to go.
106. I Swear (and from my ſolemn oath
I'll never ſtart aſide)
That in thy righteous judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.

107. Since I with griefs am ſo oppreſt,
that I can bear no more;
According to thy word, do thou
my fainting ſoul reſtore.
108. Let ſtill my ſacrifice of praiſe
with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing mind.

109. Tho' ghaſtly dangers me ſurround,
my ſoul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep
from thinking on thy law.
110. My wicked and invet'rate foes
for me their ſnares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,
nor from thy precepts ſtray'd.

111. Thy

111. Thy teſtimonies I have made
my heritage and choice;
For they when other comforts fail,
my drooping heart rejoice.
112. My heart with early zeal began
thy ſtatutes to obey;
And 'till my courſe of life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113. Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy law affection bear
too great to be expreſs'd.
114. My hiding-place, my refuge-tow'r,
and ſhield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
on thy unerring word.

115. Hence ye that trade in wickedneſs,
approach not my abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the precepts of my God.
116. According to thy gracious word,
from danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe hopes aſham'd,
that I repoſe in thee.

117. Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from diſtreſs;
To thy decrees continually
my juſt reſpect addreſs.

118. The

118. The wicked thou haſt trod to earth,
who from thy ſtatutes ſtray'd ;
Their vile deceit the juſt reward
of their own falſhood made.

119. The wicked from thy holy land
thou doſt like droſs remove ;
I therefore, with ſuch juſtice charm'd,
thy teſtimonies love.
120. Yet with that love they make me dread,
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on tranſgreſſors I behold
thy judgments thus deſcend.

A I N.

121. Judgment and juſtice I have lov'd ;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
to my oppreſſors rage.
122. Do thou be ſurety, Lord, for me,
and ſo ſhall this diſtreſs
Prove good for me ; nor ſhall the proud
my guiltleſs ſoul oppreſs.

123. My eyes, alas ! begin to fail,
in long expectance held ;
'Till thy ſalvation they behold,
and righteous word fulfill'd.
124. To me, thy ſervant in diſtreſs,
thy wonted grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing heart
thy ſtatutes to obey.

125. On

125. On me, devoted to thy fear,
thy ſacred ſkill beſtow,
That of thy teſtimonies I
the full extent may know.
126. 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,
thy vengeance to employ,
When men with open violence
thy ſacred law deſtroy.

127. Yet their contempt of thy commands
but make their value riſe
In my eſteem, who pureſt gold
compar'd with them deſpiſe.
128. Thy precepts therefore I account,
in all reſpects, divine:
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe ways decline.

P E.

129. The wonders which thy Laws contain,
no words can repreſent;
Therefore to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous heart is bent.
130. The very entrance to thy word
cœleſtial light diſplays,
And knowledge of true happineſs
to ſimpleſt minds conveys.

131. With eager hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainted with deſire,
That of thy wiſe commands I might
the ſacred ſkill acquire.

132. With favour, Lord, look down on me
who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
that thy blest name adore.

133. Directed by thy heav'nly word,
let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
dominion have o'er me.

134. Release, entirely set me free
from persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
and practise thy commands.

135. On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
my heart with zeal incline.

136. My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws
in bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137. Thou art the righteous judge, in whom
wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
in all respects are just.

138. Most just and true those statutes were
which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd,
succeeding times shall see.

139 With

139. With zeal my flesh consumes away,
my soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn at once
thy promises and threats.
140. Yet each neglected word of thine
(howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal truth
by me, thy servant, priz'd.

141. Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
thy precepts from my mind.
142. Thy righteousness shall then endure,
when time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
which shall forever last.

143. Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts and
to compass me unite, [Dread
Beset with danger, still I make
thy precepts my delight.
144. Eternal and unerring rules
thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
my soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145. With my whole heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I, thy statutes to perform,
will all my care apply.

146. Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may
Thy Testimonies throughly know,
and stedfastly obey.

147. My earlier pray'r the dawning day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him on whose engaging word
my hope alone rely'd.
148. With zeal have I awak'd before
the midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
might perfect knowledge get.

149. Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
and wonted favour shew;
O quicken me, and so approve
thy judgment ever true.
150. My persecuting foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy law?

151. Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is
thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
thy promises sincere.
152. Concerning thy divine decrees,
my soul has known of old
That they were true, and shall their truth
to endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153. Conſider my affliction, Lord,
and me from bondage draw;
Think on thy ſervant in diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy law.

154. Plead thou my cauſe; to that and me
thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me
according to thy word.

155. From harden'd Sinners thou remov'ſt
ſalvation far away,
'Tis juſt thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them
who from thy ſtatutes ſtray.

156. Since great thy tender mercies are
to all who thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting hopes reſtore.

157. A num'rous hoſt of ſpiteful foes
againſt my life combine;
But all too few to force my ſoul
thy ſtatutes to decline.

158. Thoſe bold tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious pride
thy cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.

159. Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of mercy from above.

160. As

160. As from the birth of time thy truth
has held through ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous judgments, firm,
to endleſs ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161. Tho' mighty tyrants, without cauſe,
conſpire my blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred word has pow'r alone
to fill my heart with dread.
162. And yet that word my joyful breaſt
with heav'nly rapture warms,
Nor conqueſt, nor the ſpoils of war,
have ſuch tranſporting charms.
163. Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy laws affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164. Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice
thy praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy judgments all
with truth and juſtice crown'd.
165. Secure, ſubſtantial peace have they
who truly love thy law;
No ſmiling miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning danger awe.
166. For thy ſalvation I have hop'd,
and though ſo long delay'd,
With chearful zeal and ſtricteſt care
all thy commands obey'd.

167. Thy

167. Thy teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd ;
Becauſe the love I bore to them,
thy ſervice eaſy made.
168. From ſtrict obſervance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew ;
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret ways
are open to thy view.

TAU.

169. To my requeſt and earneſt cry
attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inſpire my heart with heav'nly ſkill,
according to thy word.
170. Let my repeated pray'r at laſt
before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word
for my relief draw near.

171. Then ſhall my grateful lips return
the tribute of their praiſe,
When thou thy counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt ways.
172. My tongue the praiſes of thy word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy promiſes are all
with truth and juſtice crown'd.

173. Let thy almighty arm appear,
and bring me timely aid ;
For I the laws thou haſt ordain'd
my heart's free choice have made.

174. My

174. My Soul has waited long to see
thy saving grace restor'd ;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
thy heav'nly laws afford.

175. Prolong my life, that I may sing
my great restorer's praise,
Whose Justice from the depth of woes
my fainting soul shall raise.
176. Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, 'till I
despair my way to find :
Thou therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,
who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep distress I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To rescue me oppress'd with wrongs ;
2. Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send,
From lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of sland'ring tongues.

3. What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee ?
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn ;
Of lasting flames that fiercely burn,
The constant fuel thou shalt be.

5. But O ! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desart soil !
With Kedar's wicked tents inclos'd,

To

To lawleſs ſavages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and ſpoil.

6. My hapleſs dwelling is with thoſe
Who peace and amity oppoſe,
And pleaſure take in others harms:
7. Sweet peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of peace I ſpeak,
They ſtraight cry out, *To Arms, To Arms.*

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting aid;
2. From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
who heav'n and earth has made.
3. Then, thou my ſoul, in ſafety reſt;
thy guardian will not ſleep:
4. His watchful care that Iſr'el guards,
will Iſr'el's monarch keep.

5. Shelter'd beneath th' almighty's wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6. Where neither ſun nor moon ſhall thee
by day or night moleſt.
7. From common Accidents of Life
his care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
From evils undeſign'd, and foes
that lie in wait to kill.

8. At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage
ſafe to thy Journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

1. O 'Twas a joyful ſound to hear
our tribes devoutly ſay,
Up Iſr'el, to the temple haſte,
and keep your feſtal day.
2. At Salem's courts we muſt appear
with our aſſembled pow'rs;
3. In ſtrong and beauteous order rang'd,
like her united tow'rs;
4. 'Tis thither by divine command,
the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
his name with praiſe and pray'r.
5. Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where equity takes place;
There ſtand the courts and palaces
of royal David's race
6. O, pray we then for Salem's peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true love to thee.
7. May peace within thy ſacred walls
a conſtant gueſt be found,
With plenty and proſperity
thy palaces be crown'd.
8. For my dear brethren's ſake, and friends
no leſs than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's tow'rs
a conſtant gueſt appear.

9. But

9. But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For Sion and the temple's ſake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2. ON thee, who dwell'ſt above the ſkies,
For mercy wait my longing eyes;
As ſervants watch their maſters hands,
And maids their miſtreſſes commands.
3, 4. O then have mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious aid to us afford:
To us whom cruel foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord (may Iſr'el ſay)
been pleas'd to interpoſe,
2. Had he not then eſpous'd our cauſe,
when men againſt us roſe.
3, 4, 5. Their wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without controul:
Their ſpite and pride's united floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.

6. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who reſcu'd us that day,
Nor to their ſavage jaws gave up
our threat'ned lives a prey.
7. Our ſoul is like a bird eſcap'd
from out the fowler's net;
The ſnare is broke, their hopes are croſs'd,
and we at freedom ſet.

8. Secure

8. Secure in his almighty name,
our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heaven and earth,
of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1. WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveable be fix'd
by his almighty hand.
2. Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose,
So stands the Lord around his saints,
to guard them from their foes.
3. The wicked may afflict the just,
but ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek
base means for his redress.
4. Be good, O righteous God, to those
who righteous deeds affect:
The heart that innocence retains,
let innocence protect.
5. All those who walk in crooked paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
with lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

1. WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd
from long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
of what we wish'd to see:

2. But

2. But soon, in unaccustom'd mirth,
we did our voice employ,
And sung our great Creator's praise
in thankful hymns of joy.

Our heathen foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the work
our God for us had done.

3. 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great,
much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof
we reap the glad success.

4. To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
of Isr'el's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'rs
to parch'd and thirsty Lands.

5. That we, whose work commenc'd in tears
may see our labours thrive,
Till finish'd with success, to make
our drooping hearts revive.

6. Tho' he disponds that sows his grain,
yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring
the joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1. WE build with fruitless cost, unless
the Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
the watchman wakes in vain:

2. In

2. In vain we rise before the day,
and late to rest repair;
Allow no respite to our toil,
and eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,
he on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labour with success,
their nights with sound repose.

3. Children, those comforts of our life,
are presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs,
as piety's reward.

4. As arrows in a giant's hand
when marching forth to war,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth,
their parents safeguard are.

5. Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing arms;
He needs not fear to meet his foe,
at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE man is blest who fears the Lord,
nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
to his appointed ways.

2. He shall upon the sweet returns
of his own labour feed!
Without dependance live, and see
his wishes all succeed.

3. His

3. His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children, like young olive plants,
about his table spring:
4,5. Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus;
him Sion's God shall bless;
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.
6. He shall live on, 'till heirs from him
descend with vast increase:
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,
and more in Isr'el's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FROM my youth up, may Isr'el say,
they oft have me assail'd,
2. Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3. They oft have plow'd my patient back
with furrows deep and long:
4. But our just God has broke their chains,
and rescu'd us from wrong.
5. Defeat, confusion, shameful rout
be still the doom of those,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
and Sion's God oppose.
6. Like corn upon our houses tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root
has blasted in the blade:

7. Which

7. Which in his arms no reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves ;
Nor binder thinks it worth his pains
to fold it into sheaves.
8. No traveller that passes by,
vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
heav'n's blessing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1. FROM lowest depths of woe
to God I sent my cry ;
2. Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
and graciously reply.
3. Should'st thou severely judge,
who can the trial bear ?
4. But thou forgiv'st, least we despond,
and quite renounce thy fear.

5. My soul with patience waits
for thee the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
thy never-failing word.
6. My longing eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
to spy the dawning day.

7. Let Isr'el trust in God,
no bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
eternal succour flows.

8. Whose

8. Whose friendly streams to us
supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
and wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord I am not proud of heart,
nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
in things for me too high.
2. With infant innocence thou know'st
I have my self demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
that from the breast is wean'd.

3. Like me let Isr'el hope in God
his aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET David, Lord a constant place
in thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy mind.
2. Remember what a solemn oath
to thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom Jacob's sons adore:

3, 4. I will not go into my house,
nor to my bed ascend;
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
nor sleep my eye-lids bend; 5. 'Till

5. 'Till for the Lord's design'd abode
I mark the d-ſtin'd ground;
'Till I a decent place of reſt
for Jacob's God have found.

6. Th' appointed place with ſhouts of joy,
at Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields
our glad applauſe reſound.

7. O with due rev'rence let us then
to his abode repair;
And, proſtrate at his footſtool fall'n,
pour out our humble pray'r.

8. Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant place of reſt;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
but with thy preſence bleſt.

9,10. Cloath thou thy Prieſts with righteouſneſs,
make thou thy ſaints rejoice;
And for thy ſervant David's ſake,
hear thy anointed's voice.

11. God ſware to David in his truth,
(nor ſhall his oath be vain)
One of thy offſpring after thee
upon thy throne ſhall reign:

12. And if thy ſeed my cov'nant keep,
and to my laws ſubmit;
Their children too upon thy throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.

13, 14. For

13, 14. For Sion does in God's esteem
all other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
where he desires to dwell.
15, 16. Her store, says he, will increase,
her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
my saving health confess.
17. There David's pow'r shall long remain
in his successive line,
And my anointed servant there
shall with fresh lustre shine.
18. The faces of his vanquish'd foes
Confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst with confirm'd success his crown
shall flourish on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 HOW vast must their advantage be;
how great their pleasure prove!
Who live like brethren, and consent
in offices of love!
2. True love is like that precious oil
which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
its costly moisture shed.
3. 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
on Hermon's top distill;
Or like the early drops that fall
on Sion's fruitful hill.

4. For

4. For God to all, whose friendly hearts
with mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days
with constant blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 BLESS God, ye servants that attend
upon his solemn state,
That in his temple, night by night,
with humble rev'rence wait:
2, 3. Within his house lift up your hands,
and bless his holy name;
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord,
who heav'n and earth didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O Praise the Lord with one consent,
and magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
his worthy praise proclaim.
2. Praise him all ye that in his house
attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
with humble zeal repair.

3. For this our truest Int'rest is
glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
a most delightful thing.
4. For God his own peculiar choice
the sons of Jacob makes;
And Isr'el's offspring for his own
most valu'd treasure takes.

5. That

5. That God is great, we often have
by glad experience found;
And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r
above all gods is crown'd.
6. For he with unresisted strength
performs his sov'reign will;
In heav'n and earth, and watry Stores
that earth's deep caverns fill.

7. He raises vapours from the ground,
which poiz'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs thro' which
his dreadful lightnings glare:
8. He from his store-house brings the winds;
and he with vengeful hand,
The first-born slew of man and beast,
thro' Egypt's mourning land.

9. He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd
thro' stubborn Egypt's coasts,
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous hosts.
10, 11. 'Twas he that various nations smote,
and mighty kings suppress'd;
Sihon and Og, and all besides
who Canaan's land possess'd.

12, 13. Their land upon his chosen race
he firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last,
his praise shall never fail.

14. For

14. For God shall soon his people's cause
with pitying eyes survey;
Repent him of his wrath and turn
his kindled rage away.

15. Those idols, whose false worship spreads
o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold,
the work of human hands.

16, 17. They move not their fictitious tongues,
nor see with polish'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
no breath their mouth supplies.

18. As senseless as themselves are they
that all their skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous times
on them for aid rely.

19. Their just returns of thanks to God,
let grateful Isr'el pay;
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
to bless the Lord delay.

20. Their sense of his unbounded love
let Levi's house express;
And let all those that fear the Lord,
his name for ever bless.

21. Let all with thanks his wond'rous works
in Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
exalt his holy name.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat:
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2, 3. To him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay;
For God, *&c.*

4, 5. By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, *&c.*

6. He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God, *&c.*

7, 8, 9. Thro' heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, *&c.*

10, 11, 12. He

10,11,12. He ſtruck the firſt-born dead
Of Egypt's ſtubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his reſiſtleſs hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14. By him the raging ſea,
As if in pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle way,
Through which his people went.
For God, &c

15. Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
were in the billows loſt.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18. Thro' deſarts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen ſeed;
And famous princes foil'd,
And made great monarch's bleed.
For God, &c.

19. 20 Sihon, whoſe potent hand
Great Ammon's ſcepter ſway'd;
And Og, whoſe ſtern command
rich Baſhan's land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22. And of his wond'rous grace,
Their lands, whom he deſtroy'd,

He

He gave to Isr'el's race,
to be by them enjoy'd,
For God, &c.

23, 24. He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought,
For God &c.

25, 26. He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we, our weary'd limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress't,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that when with joy we sung
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow-trees that wither'd there.

3. Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Musick and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."

4. How ſhall we tune our voice to ſing ?
Or touch our harps with ſkilful hands ?
Shall hymns of joy to God our king
Be ſung by ſlaves in foreign lands ?

5. O Salem, our once happy ſeat !
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The ſpeaking ſtrings with art to move !
6. If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal ſilence ſeize my tongue ;
Or if I ſing one chearful air,
'Till thy deliv'rance is my ſong !

7. Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
In thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, " her ſtately walls deface,
" And with the ground quite level lay. "
8. Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be
Of grief and woe the wretched prey,
Bleſs'd is the man, who ſhall to thee
The wrongs thou laid'ſt on us, repay.

9. Thrice bleſs'd, who with juſt rage poſſeſt,
And deaf to all the parents moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the breaſt,
And daſh their heads againſt the ſtones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WIth my wholeheart, my God and king
thy praiſe I will proclaim ;
Before the Gods with joy I'll ſing,
and bleſs thy holy name.

2. I'll

2. I'll worſhip at thy ſacred ſeat;
and with thy love inſpir'd,
The praiſes of thy truth repeat,
o'er all thy works admir'd.

3. Thou graciouſly inclin'dſt thine ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my ſoul was preſs'd with fear,
didſt inward ſtrength ſupply.

4. Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly prince
thy name with praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd events convince
that all thy works are true.

5. They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,
with chearful ſongs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious acts record,
thy awful pow'r confeſs.

6. For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the poor reſpect;
The proud far off, his ſcornful eye
beholds with juſt neglect.

7. Tho' I with troubles am oppreſs'd,
he ſhall my foes diſarm,
Relieve my ſoul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from harm.

8. The Lord, whoſe mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy ſtate;
And mindful of his favours paſt,
ſhall his own work compleat.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1. THOU Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known
2. My riſing up and lying down;
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3. Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
My publick haunts and private ways;
4. Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

5. Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand.
6. O ſkill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
7. O could I ſo perfidious be.
To think of once deſerting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun;
Or whither from thy preſence run?

8. If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light:
Or ſink to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
9. If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the weſtern main,
10. Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And their arreſt thy fugitive.

11. Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

12. The

12. The vale of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes:
Thro' midnight ſhades thou find'ſt thy way
As in the blazing noon of day.

13. Thou know'ſt the texture of my heart
My reins and ev'ry vital part;
Each ſingle thread, in nature's loom,
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
14. I'll praiſe thee from whoſe hands I came
A work of ſuch a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My ſoul with grateful joy muſt own.

15. Thine eyes my ſubſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs maſs it lay,
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark incloſure brought.
16. Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs embrio ſee,
Its parts were regiſtred by thee:
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

17. Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
18. Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The ſands upon the ocean's ſhore:
Each morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

19. The

19. The wicked thou ſhall ſlay, O God:
Depart from me, ye men of blood,
20. Whoſe tongues heav'n's majeſty profane
And take th' almighty's name in vain.
21. Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
Who thee with enmity purſue?
And does not grief my heart oppreſs,
When reprobates thy law tranſgreſs?

22. Who practiſe enmity to thee,
Shall utmoſt hatred have from me;
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my foes profeſt.
23,24. Search, try, O God, my thoughts and Heart,
If miſchief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty foes
of treacherous intent;
2. And from the ſons of violence,
on open miſchief bent.
3. Their ſland'ring tongues the ſerpent's Sting
in ſharpneſs does exceed:
Between their lips the gall of aſps
and adders venom breed.

4. Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
nor leave my ſoul forlorn,
A prey to ſons of violence,
who have my ruin ſworn.

5. The

5. The proud for me have laid their snare,
and spread their wily net;
With traps and gins where-e'er I move,
I find my steps beset.

6. But thus environ'd with distress,
thou are my God I said;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
that calls to thee for aid.

7. O Lord, the God whose saving strength
kind succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous head
in battle's doubtful day;

8. Permit not their unjust designs
to answer their desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by success,
to bolder crimes aspire.

9. Let first their chiefs the sad effects
of their Injustice mourn;
The blast of their envenom'd breath,
upon themselves return.

10. Let them who kindled first the flame,
its sacrifice become;
The pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely tomb.

11. Tho' slander's breath may raise a storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their rage does but the torrent swell,
that bears themselves away.

12. God

12. God will assert the poor man's cause,
and speedy succour give;
The just shall celebrate his praise,
and in his presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
O haste to my relief:
And with accustom'd pity hear
the accents of my grief.
2. Instead of off'rings let my pray'r
like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands supply the place
of ev'ning sacrifice.

3. From hasty language curb my tongue,
and let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips,
with wary silence barr'd.
4. From wicked mens designs and deeds
my heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me in the booty share
of their unrighteous gain.

5. Let upright men reprove my faults,
and I shall think them kind;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I there reproof shall find;
And in return, my fervent pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd.
like me, to sore distress.

6. When

6. When skulking in Engedi's rock,
I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
when I had pow'r to kill.
7. Yet us they prosecute to death,
our scatter'd ruins lie,
As thick as from the hewer's ax,
the sever'd splinters fly.
8. But, Lord, to thee I still direct
my supplicating eyes,
O leave not destitute my soul,
whose trust on thee relies.
9. Do thou preserve me from the snares
that wicked hands have laid
Let them in their own nets be caught,
while my escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful voice
in deep distress I pray'd;
2. Made him the umpire of my cause,
my wrongs before him laid.
3. Thou didst my steps direct,
when my griev'd soul despair'd;
For where I thought to walk secure,
they had their traps prepar'd.
4. I look'd, but found no friend
to own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
his pity or redress.

5. To God at last I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
'till life itself depart.

6. Reduc'd to greatest straits,
to thee I make my moan;
O save me from oppressive foes,
for me too pow'rful grown,
7. That I may praise thy name,
my soul from prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me,
assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
a gracious answer send.
2. Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
thy servant to be try'd;
For in thy sight no living man
can e'er be justify'd.

3. The spiteful foe pursues my life,
whose comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark
as mansions of the dead.
4. My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and sinks within my breast;
My mournful heart grows desolate,
with heavy woes oppress.

5. I

5. I call to mind the days of old,
and wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former dangers and eſcapes
employ my muſing thought.
6. To thee my hands in humble prayer
I fervently ſtretch out;
My ſoul for thy refreſhment thirſts,
like land oppreſt with drought.

7. Hear me with ſpeed; my ſpirit fails;
thy face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn, like them
that in the grave reſide.
8. Thy kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I ſhould go
my ſoul to thee aſcends.

9. Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe retreat againſt their rage,
my ſoul implores from thee.
10. Thou art my God, thy righteous will
inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good ſpirit lead and keep
my ſoul in thy right way.

11. O for the ſake of thy great name
revive my drooping heart:
For thy truth's ſake to me diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd aid impart.

12. In pity to my ſuff'rings, Lord,
reduce my foes to ſhame;
Slay them that perſecute a ſoul
devoted to thy name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord,
Who does his needful aid impart,
At once both ſtrength and ſkill afford
To wield my arms with warlike art.
2. His goodneſs is my fort and tow'r,
My ſtrong deliv'rance and my ſhield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Makes to my ſway fierce nations yield

3. Lord what's in man, that thou ſhould'ſt love
Such tender care of him to take;
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?
4. The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain;
His days are like a flying ſhade,
Of whoſe ſhort ſtay no ſigns remain.

5. In ſolemn ſtate, O God deſcend,
Whilſt heav'n its lofty head inclines;
The ſmoking hills aſunder rend,
Of thy approach the awful ſigns.
6. Diſcharge thy dreadful lightning round,
And make thy ſcatter'd foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed arrows wound,
And their deſtruction ſoon compleat.

7, 8. Do

7,8. Do thou O Lord, from heav'n engage
Thy boundleſs pow'r my foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign foes,
Who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn engagements ne'er maintain.

9. So I to thee, O king of kings,
In joyful hymns my voice ſhall raiſe,
And inſtruments of various ſtrings
Shall help me thus to ſing thy praiſe.
10. "God does to kings his aid afford,
"To them his ſure ſalvation ſends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring ſword,
"His ſervant David ſtill defends."

11. Fight thou againſt my foreign foes,
Who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn engagements ne'er maintain.
12. Then our young ſons like trees ſhall grow
Well planted in ſome fruitful place;
Our daughters ſhall like pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome royal court to grace.

13. Our garners fill'd with various ſtore,
Shall us and ours with plenty feed,
Our ſheep increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.

14. Strong

14. Strong ſhall our lab'ring oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant labour faint;
Whilſt we no war nor ſlav'ry know,
And in our ſtreets hear no complaint.

15. Thrice happy is that peoples caſe,
Whoſe various bleſſings thus abound:
Who God's true worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2. THEE I'll extol, my God and king,
thy endleſs praiſe proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bleſs thy name.

3. Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy majeſty, with boundleſs height,
above our knowledge rais'd.

4. Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
to future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
ſucceſſively deſcends.

5, 6. Whilſt I thy glory and renown,
and wond'rous works expreſs,
The world with me thy might ſhall own,
and thy great pow'r confeſs.

7. The praiſe that to thy love belongs,
they ſhall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful ſongs
ſhall be the conſtant theme.

8. The

8. The Lord is good; freſh acts of grace
his pity ſtill ſupplies;
His anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
his willing mercy flies.

9, 10. Thy love thro' earth extends its fame
to all thy works expreſt;
Theſe ſhew thy praiſe, whilſt thy great name
is by thy ſervants bleſt.

11. They, with the glorious proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty ſubject make.

12. God's glorious works of antient date,
ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's royal ſtate,
with publick ſplendor ſhown.

13. His ſtedfaſt throne, from changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs ſway no end ſhall ſee,
but time itſelf out-laſt.

PART II.

14, 15. The Lord does them ſupport that fall
and makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
who timely food ſupplies.

16. Whate'er their various wants require,
with open hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt deſire
of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18. How

17, 18. How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm truſt
for his aſſiſtance prays.
19. He grants the full deſires of thoſe
who him with fear adore:
And will their troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his aid implore.

20. The Lord preſerves all thoſe with care
whom grateful love employs:
But ſinners who his vengeance dare,
with furious rage deſtroys.
21. My time to come, in praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his fame,
And all mankind with one conſent
for ever bleſs his name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2. O Praiſe the Lord, and thou my ſoul
for ever bleſs his name:
His wond'rous love, while life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant praiſe ſhall claim.
3. On kings, the greateſt ſons of men
let none for aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times,
nor timely help apply.

4. Depriv'd of breath, to duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain deſigns
together with them die.

5. Then

5. Then happy he who Jacob's God
for his protecter takes ;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
his conſtant refuge makes.

6. The Lord, who made both heav'n and Earth
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt truth,
nor make his promiſe vain.

7. The poor oppreſt, from all their wrongs
are eas'd by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
and ſets the pris'ners free.

8. By him the blind receive their ſight,
the weak and fall'n he rears :
With kind regard and tender love
he for the righteous cares.

9. The ſtrangers he preſerves from harm,
the orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
of wicked men defeats.

10. The God, that does in Sion dwell,
is our eternal king :
From age to age his reign endures,
let all his praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with hymns of joy,
and celebrate his fame !
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy name.

2. His

2. His holy city God will build,
tho' levell'd with the ground :
Bring back his people, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the nations round.

3, 4. He kindly heals the broken hearts,
and all their wounds does cloſe ;
He tells the number of the ſtars,
their ſev'ral names he knows.

5, 6. Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
his wiſdom has no bound ;
The meek he raiſes, and throws down
the wicked to the ground.

7. To God, the Lord, a hymn of praiſe
with grateful voices ſing ;
To ſongs of triumph tune the harp,
and ſtrike each warbling ſtring.

8. He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
refreſhing rain beſtows :
Thro' him, on mountain-tops, the graſs
with wond'rous plenty grows.

9. He, ſavage beaſts that looſely range,
with timely food ſupplies ;
He feeds the ravens tender brood,
and ſtops their hungry cries.

10. He values not the warlike ſteed,
but does his ſtrength diſdain ;
The nimble foot that ſwiftly runs,
no prize from him can gain.

11. But

11. But he, to him that fears his name,
his tender love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs grace
with ſtedfaſt hope depends.
12, 13. Let Sion and Jeruſalem
to God their praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their gates with maſſy bars,
and does their children bleſs.

14, 15. Thro' all their borders he gives peace
with fineſt wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the word, and what he wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16. Large flakes of ſnow, like fleecy wool,
deſcend at his command;
And hoary froſt, like aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the land.

17. When join'd to theſe, he does his hail
in little morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing cold
ſecure defences make?
18. He ſends his word, which melts the ice
he makes his wind to blow,
And ſoon the ſtreams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous currents flow.

19. By him his ſtatutes and decrees
to Jacob's ſons were ſhown;
And ſtill to Iſr'el's choſen ſeed
his righteous laws are known.

20. No

20. No other nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles,
and knowledge of his word.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1,2. YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame:
His praiſe your ſong employ
Above the ſtarry frame;
Your voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his praiſe.

3,4. Thou moon that rul'ſt the night,
And ſun that guid'ſt the day,
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

5, 6. Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt,
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8. Let

7, 8. Let earth her tribute pay;
Praiſe him ye dreadful whales
And fiſh that through the ſea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring ſcales:
Fire, hail, and ſnow,
And miſty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9. 10. By hills and mountains (all
In grateful conſort join'd)
By cedars ſtately tall,
And trees for fruit deſign'd;
By ev'ry beaſt,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be bleſt.

11, 12. Let all of royal birth,
With thoſe of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchleſs praiſe proclaim.
In this deſign
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

13. United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.

Earth's

Earth's utmoſt ends
His pow'r obey:
His glorious ſway
The ſky tranſcends.

4. His choſen ſaints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſr'el's race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2. O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing.
In our great creator
let Iſr'el rejoice,
And children of Sion
be glad in their king.

3, 4. Let them his great name
extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
his praiſes expreſs,
Who always takes pleaſure
his ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
the humble to bleſs.

5. 6, With

5, 6. With glory adorn'd,
his people ſhall ſing
To God, who their beds
with ſafety does ſhield;
Their mouths fill'd with praiſes
of him their great king;
Whilſt a two-edged ſword
their right hand ſhall weild.

7, 8. Juſt vengeance to take
for injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe lands
for ruin deſign'd;
With chains, as their captives,
to tie their kings faſt,
With fetters of Iron
their nobles to bind.

9. Thus ſhall they make good,
when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful decree
which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph
his ſaints ſhall enjoy,
O therefore for ever
exalt his great name.

PSALM CL.

O Praiſe the Lord in that bleſt place
From whence his goodneſs largely [flows
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory ſhows.

2. Praiſe him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

3. Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe,
And gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver ſound.
4. Let virgin troops ſoft timbrels bring,
And ſome with graceful motion dance;
Let inſtruments of various ſtrings,
With organs join'd, his praiſe advance.

5. Let them who joyful hymns compoſe,
To cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe;
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound on ſolemn days.
6. Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;
Let ev'ry creature praiſe the Lord.

THE END.

GLORIA

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all eternity.

As the 100th Pſalm.

To Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 112, and laſt part of the 113 Pſalm Tune.

To Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant hoſt,
And ſuff'ring ſaints on earth adore,
Be Glory as in ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
When time itſelf muſt be no more.

As Pſalm 148.

To God the father, ſon,
And ſpirit ever bleſs'd,
Eternal three in one,
All worſhip be addreſs'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm 149.

By angels in heaven
of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
all praiſe be addreſs'd
To God in three perſons,
one God ever bleſs'd;
As it has been, now is,
and always ſhall be.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

A Number of

HYMNS,

Taken chiefly from

Dr. *WATTS's*

SCRIPTURE COLLECTION.

With a particular View to

SACRAMENTAL OCCASIONS.

And they sung a new Song, *&c.* Rev. v. 9.

HYMN I.

A new Song to the Lamb.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

BEHOLD the glories of the lamb
Amidſt his father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2. Let elders worſhip at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours ſweet,
With harps of ſweeteſt ſound.

3. Thoſe are the offer'd prayers of ſaints,
And theſe the hymns they raiſe:
Jeſus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praiſe.

4. Now to the lamb that once was ſlain,
be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

5. Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood
Haſt ſet the pris'ners free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

6. The

6. The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days,
and bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN II.

The invitation of the Goſpel or Spiritual Food and Cloathing.

Iſa. LV. 1, 2, *&c.*

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho, all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
3. Eternal wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.
4. Ho, ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
With ſprings that never dry.
5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6. Ye

6. Ye periſhing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your ſin;

7. Come naked and adorn your ſouls,
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his ſon,
And dy'd in his own blood.

8. Dear God the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs miſeries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins.

9. The happy gates of goſpel-grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN III.

The Safety and Protection of the Church.

Iſa. XXVI. 1,—5.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring ſtand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of ſtrong ſalvation made,
Defy th' aſſaults of Hell.

3. Lift

3. Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of our king.
4. Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known *Jehovah*'s name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5. Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord, *Jehovah* dwells,
Eternal as his years.

HYMN IV.

The Promises of the Covenant of Grace.

Isa. LV. 1, 2. Zech. XIII. 1. Mic. VII. 19. *&c.*

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind,
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.
2. Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3. Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4. Come

4. Come, and he'll cleanſe our ſpotted ſouls,
And waſh away our ſtains
In the dear fountain that his ſon
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5. Our Guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
Tho' black as hell before;
Our ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
And ſhall be found no more.

6. And leſt pollution ſhould o'er-ſpread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His ſpirit ſhall bedew our ſouls
Like purifying rain.

7. Our heart, that flinty ſtubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatnings of his wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by love.

8. Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treaſures of his grace
Beſtow a ſofter mind.

9. There ſhall his ſacred ſpirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our ſouls
To ſwift obedience draw.

10. Thus will he pour ſalvation down,
And we ſhall render praiſe;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN V.

The Bleſſedneſs of Goſpel Times, as to Jews and Gentiles.

Iſa. v. 7, 8, 9, 10. Mat. XIII. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on *Zion*'s hill,
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
and words of peace reveal.
2. How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
" *Zion*, behold thy ſaviour king,
" he reigns and triumphs here.

3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found.
4. How bleſſed are our eyes,
That ſee this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight.

5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth with ſongs,
And deſarts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN VI.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.

1 Pet. I. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2. When from the dead he rais'd his son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3. What tho' our imbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4. There's an Inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5. Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN VII.

Prayer and Deliverance answered.

Isa. XXVI. 8.—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2. My

2. My thoughts are ſearching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongſt the black ſhades of loneſome night;
My earneſt pray'rs aſcend the ſkies
Before the dawn reſtores the light.

3. Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted hand,
And feel the ſcourges of thy rod.
4. Hark, the Eternal rends the ſky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of muſick to his friends,
But threatning thunder to his foes.

5. Come, children, to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce ſtorm be overblown,
And my revenging fury ceaſe.

HYMN VIII.

Strength from Heaven.

Iſa. XL. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHencedo ourmournful tho'ts ariſe?
and where's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
2. Have we forgot th' almighty name
That form'd the earth and ſea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3. Treaſures

3. Treasures of everlasting might
In our *Jehovah* dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
4. Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5. The saints shall mount on eagles wings,
and taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN IX.

God's tender Care of his Church.

Isa. XLIX. 13, 14. *&c.*

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
2. God on his thirsty *Sion*-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3. Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4. Can

4. Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongſt a thouſand tender thoughts
Her ſuckling have no room?

5. *Yet*, ſaith the Lord, *ſhould nature change*
And mothers monſters prove,
Sion *ſtill dwells upon the heart*,
Of everlaſting love.
6. *Deep on the palms of both my hands*
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls
And build her broken frame.

HYMN X.

The Martyrs Glorified.

Rev. II. 13, *&c.*

1 *THeſe glorious minds how bright they ſhine*
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy ſeats
Of everlaſting day?
2. From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In *Jeſus'* dying blood.

3 Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne,
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the holy one.

4. The

4. Th. unvail'd glories of his face
Amongſt his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5. Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6. The lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe,
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

HYMN XI.

The Song of Moſes and the Lamb.

Rev. XV. 3. & XVI. 19. *&c.*

1 WE ſing the glories of thy love,
We ſound thy dreadful name;
The chriſtian church unites the ſongs
Of *Moſes* and the *Lamb*.

2. Great God, how wond'rous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace?
Thou king of ſaints, Almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy ways?

3. Who dares refuſe to fear thy name,
Or worſhip at thy throne?
Thy judgments ſpeak thine holineſs
Thro' all the nations known.

HYMN

HYMN XII.

The Memorial of our abſent Lord.

John XVI. 16. Luke XXII. 19. John XIV. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the ſkies,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thruſt our Saviour from our thought.
2. He knows what wand'ring hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refreſh our minds he gave
Theſe kind memorials of his grace.

3. The Lord of life this table ſpread
With his own fleſh and dying blood;
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And taſte the wine, and bleſs our God.
4. Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem;
Chriſt and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5. While he is abſent from our ſight
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.
6. Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come;
We wait thy chariots awful wheels
To fetch our longing ſpirits home.

HYMN

HYMN XIII.

Divine Love making a Feaſt, and calling in the Gueſts.

Luck XIV. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW ſweet and awful is the place
With *Chriſt* within the doors,
Whilſt everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores.

2. Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With ſoft compaſſion rolls,
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying ſouls.

3. While all our hearts, and all our ſongs,
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
" Lord, why was I a gueſt ?

4. " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
" And enter while there's room ?
" When thouſands make a wretched choice
" And rather ſtarve than come.

5. 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt,
That ſweetly forc'd us in,
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

6. Pity the nations, O our God,
Conſtrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the ſtrangers home.

7. We

7. We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race,
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

HYMN XIV.

Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd.

Solomon's song I. 7.

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joys and earthly love,
Tell me, dear shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
2. Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock,
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3. Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
4. The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds and groans, & tears.

5. His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved lead me home.

HYMN

HYMN XV.

Christ appearing to his Church, &c.

Solomon's Song II. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 THe voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
2. Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

3. Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
Rise, saith my Lord, *make haste away,*
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
4. *The* Jewish *wintry state is gone,*
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle-dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5. *Th' Immortal vine of heav'nly root,*
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit.
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.
6. And when we hear our *Jesus* say,
Rise up my love, make haste away?
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

The Coronation of Christ, and his Espousals.

Solomon's Song III. 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of *Sion*, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.
2. *Jesus*, thou everlasting king,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3. Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
4. The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5. Still may each minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the lamb.
6. O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The king of grace shall fill the throne
With all his father's glories on.

HYMN XVII.

GOD dwelleth with the humble Penitent.

Isa. LVII. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty one,
" I sit upon my holy throne;
" My name is God, I dwell on high;
" Dwell in my own eternity.

2. " But I descend to worlds below,
" On earth I have a mansion too:
" The humble spirit and contrite
" Is an abode of my delight.

3. " The humble soul my words revive,
" I bid the mourning sinner live;
" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4. " When I contend against their sin,
" I make them know how vile they've been
" But should my wrath for ever smoke,
" Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.

5. O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

HYMN XVIII.

The Beatitudes.

Matt. V. 3.—12.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2. Blest

2. Bleſt are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart
The blood of *Chriſt* divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.

3. Bleſt are the meek, who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
God will ſecure their happy ſtate
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.
4. Bleſt are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.

5. Bleſt are the men whoſe bowels move
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord they ſhall obtain
Like Sympathy and love again.
6. Bleſt are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.

7. Bleſt are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.
8. Bleſt are the ſuff'rers who partake
Of pain and ſhame for *Jeſus'* ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN XIX.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

2 Tim. I. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2. *Jesus*, my God; I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4. Then will he own my worthless name
Before his father's face,
And in the new *Jerusalem*
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN XX.

Death and immediate Glory.

2 Cor. V. 1, 5,—8.

1 THere is a house not made with hands
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly

2. Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my ſoul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly father's call.

3. 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heav'n,
And as an earneſt of the place
Has his own ſpirit giv'n.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home
We're abſent from the Lord.

5. 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

HYMN XXI.

Love to GOD, and our Neighbour.

Matt. XXII. 37. — 40.

1. THus ſaith the firſt, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy maker, and thy God,
"With utmoſt vigour and delight.

2. "Then ſhall thy neighbour next in place
"Share thine affections and eſteem,
"And let thy kindneſs to thy ſelf
"Meaſure and rule thy love to him."

3. This

3 This is the ſenſe that *Moſes* ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
4 But O! how baſe our paſſions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our ſouls with heav'nly fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN XXII.

Matt. XI. 28.———30.

The memorial of our abſent Lord.

1 "COME hither all ye weary ſouls,
" Ye heavy laden ſinners come,
" I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
" And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.
2 " They ſhall find reſt that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But paſſion rages like the ſea,
" And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.
3 " Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
" My grace ſhall make the burden light."
4 *Jeſus*, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

HYMN XXIII.

The Song of Zecharias.

Luke I. 68, *&c.*

1 NOW bleſt be *Iſr'el*'s Lord and God,
whoſe mercy at our need
Has viſited his people's grief,
and them from bondage freed,
2. And rais'd in faithful *David*'s houſe
Salvation, which of old,
E'er ſince the world it ſelf began,
his prophets had foretold.

3. To ſave us from our ſpiteful foes,
and keep his oath in mind,
Which he to *Abr'am* heretofore,
and to our father's ſign'd.
4. That we, from fear and danger freed,
his temple may frequent;
And all our days, as in his ſight,
In holy life be ſpent.

5. And thou, O child, ſhalt then be call'd
God's prophet, to declare
His meſſage, and before his face
his paſſage to prepare.
6. To give them light who now in ſhades
of night and death abide;
And in the way that leads to peace
our footſteps ſafely guide.

HYMN XXIV.

Luke I. 46, *&c*

The virgin Mary's magnificat.

1 MY soul and spirit fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praise;
Whose goodness did from poor estate
his humble handmaid raise.

2. Me blest of God, the God of pow'r
all ages shall confess,
Whose name is holy, and whose love
his saints shall ever bless.

3. The proud, and all their vain designs,
He quickly did confound:
He cast the mighty from their seat,
the meek and humble crown'd.

4. The hungry with good things are fill'd
the rich with hunger pin'd:
He sent his servant *Isr'el* help,
and call'd his love to mind;

5. Which to our fathers heretofore,
By oath he did ensure;
To *Abr'am* and his chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

HYMN XXV.

Luke 2. 29.

The song of Simeon.

1 LORD let thy servant now depart
into thy promis'd rest,

Since my expecting eyes have been
with thy salvation blest :
2 Which, till this time, thy favour'd saints,
and prophets, only knew,
Long since prepar'd, but now set forth
in all the people's view.
3. A light to shew the heathen world
the way to saving grace :
But O ! the light and glory both
of *Isr'el*'s chosen race.

HYMN XXVI.

Angels appearing to the shepherds.

Luke II. 8, —— 15.

WHile shepherds watch their flocks by night
all seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.
2. " Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
had seiz'd their troubled mind :)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
" to you and all mankind.
3 " To you in *David*'s town, this day
" is born of *David*'s line
" The Saviour, who is *Christ* the Lord ;
" and this shall be the sign.
4. " The heav'nly babe you there shall find
" to human view display'd,
" All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
and in a manger laid. 5. Thus

5. Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God, and thus
addreſt their joyful ſong;
6 "All glory be to God on high;
"and to the earth be peace;
"Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
"begin and never ceaſe.

HYMN XXVII.

The chriſtian Paſſover.

1 Cor. 5. 7. Rom. 6 9, *&c.*

1 SInce *Chriſt* our paſſover is ſlain,
a ſacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful hearts agree
to keep the feſtival:
2. Not with the leaven, as of old,
of ſin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd ſincerity,
and truth's unleaven'd bread.

3. *Chriſt* being rais'd by pow'r divine,
and reſcu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more, death ſhall on him
no more dominion have;
4. For that he dy'd, t'was for our ſins
He once vouchſaf'd to die,
But that he lives, he lives to God,
for all eternity.

5 So

5 So count yourſelves as dead to ſin,
but graciouſly reſtor'd.
And made henceforth alive to God,
through *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord.

HYMN XXVIII.

God prais'd for redeeming love.

1 O GOD, we praiſe thee, and confeſs,
that thou the only Lord,
And everlaſting father art
by all the earth ador'd.
2. To thee all angels cry aloud,
to thee the pow'rs on high,
Both cherubim and ſeraphim,
continually do cry ;

3. O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
whom heav'nly hoſt obey ;
The world is with the glory fill'd
of thy majeſtick ſway.
4. Th' apoſtles glorious company,
and prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs noble hoſt,
thy conſtant praiſe recite.

5. The holy church throughout the world
O Lord, confeſſes thee,
That thou eternal father art
of boundleſs majeſty :
6 Thy honour'd true and only ſon,
and holy Ghoſt the ſpring ;

Of

Of never-ceasing joy ; O *Christ*
of glory thou art king.

7 The father's everlasting son,
thou from on high didst come
To save mankind, and didst not then
disdain the virgin's womb,
8. And having overcome the sting
of death thou open'st wide
The gates of heav'n to all, who firm
in thy belief abide.

PART II.

9. Crown'd with the father's Glory thou
at God's right hand dost sit ;
Whence thou shalt come to be our judge,
to sentence or acquit.
10. O therefore save thy servants, Lord,
whose souls so dearly cost ;
Nor let the purchase of thy blood,
thy precious blood, be lost.

11. We magnify thee day by day ;
and ever worship thee.
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day
from sin and danger free.
12. Have mercy, mercy, on us Lord,
to us thy grace extend,
According as for mercy we
on thee alone depend

13. In

13. In thee I have repos'd my truſt,
and ever ſhall do ſo;
Preſerve me then from ruin here,
and from eternal woe.

HYMN XXIX.

Doxology.
Rev. IV. 11. and V. 9, *&c.*

THOU God, all glory, honour, pow'r
art worthy to receive:
Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
and by thy bounty live.
And worthy is the lamb all pow'r,
Honour and wealth to gain.
Glory and ſtrength, who for our ſins
a ſacrifice was ſlain.

3. All worthy thou, who haſt redeem'd,
and ranſom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coaſt,
by thy moſt precious blood.
4 Bleſſing and honour, glory, pow'r,
by all in earth and heav'n,
To him that ſits upon the throne,
and to the lamb be giv'n.

HYMN XXX.

The marriage of the lamb.
Rev. XIX. 5, *&c*

1 ALL ye who faithful ſervants are
of our almighty king,

Both

Both high and low, and ſmall and great
his praiſe devoutly ſing.

2 Let us rejoice, and render thanks
to his moſt holy name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
the marriage of the lamb.

3 His bride herſelf has ready made,
how pure and white her dreſs!
Which is the ſaints Integrity
and ſpotleſs holineſs.

4 O therefore bleſt is ev'ry one,
who to the marriage feaſt,
And holy ſupper of the lamb
is call'd a welcome gueſt.

HYMN XXXI.

The Lord's Prayer.

Matt. VI. 9, *&c.*

1 OUR father who in heav'n art,
all hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done,
throughout this earthly frame.

2 As cheerfully as 'tis by thoſe
who dwell with thee on high;
Lord, let thy bounty day by day
our daily food ſupply;

3 As we forgive our enemies,
thy pardon, Lord, we crave;

Into temptation lead us not,
but us from evil save.
4 For kingdom, pow'r and glory, all
belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

HYMN XXXII.

Saints risen with Christ.
1 Cor. XV. 20, 21. Colos. III. 1.

1 CHrist from the dead is rais'd and made
the first-fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
did resurrection come.
2 For, as in *Adam* all mankind
did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
shall all be made alive.
3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Christ
at God's right hand is set.

HYMN XXXIII.

Angels appearing to the shepherds.
Another version of *Luke* II. 8, *&c.*

" SHepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" and send your fears away:
" News from the region of the skies,
" salvation's born to day.

2. " *Jesus*

2 " *Jesus*, the God whom angels fear,
" comes down to dwell with you :
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" but not as Monarchs do.

3 " No gold nor purple swadling bands,
" nor royal shining things ;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" and holds the king of kings :
4 Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
" and see his humble throne ;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" go, shepherds, kiss the son."

5 Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around
the heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
and thus conclude the song :
6. " Glory to God that reigns above,
" let peace surround the earth ;
" Mortals shall know their maker's love,
" at the redeemer's birth."

7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
and men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues
when they forget to praise !
8 Glory to God that reigns above,
that pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our maker's love,
for there's a Saviour born.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIV.

Eccles. XII. 1. &c.

Children remember your Creator.

1 CHildren, to your creator, God.
your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
would tempt your thoughts astray.
2 The memory of his mighty name,
demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'till you have lov'd the Lord.

3 Be wise, and make his favour sure
before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
and life and strength decays.
4 No more be blessings of a feast
shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
and pleasures of a song.

5 Old age with all her dismal train,
invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
and death that never spares,
6 What will you do when light departs,
and leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to chear your hearts,
from the superior skies?

7. How

7 How will you meet God's frowning brow,
or ſtand before his ſeat,
While nature's old ſupporters bow,
nor bear their tott'ring weight?
8 Can you expect your feeble arms
ſhall make a ſtrong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
ſummons the pris'ner hence?

9 The ſilver bands of nature burſt,
and let the building fall;
The fleſh goes down to mix with duſt,
its vile original.
10 Laden with guilt (a heavy Load)
uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The ſoul returns t'an angry God,
to be ſhut out from heav'n.

HYMN XXXV.

Submiſſion to bereaving providence.

Job. I. 21.

1 NAked as from the earth we came,
and crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
and mingle with our duſt.
2 The dear delights we hear enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
to be repay'd anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or ſinks them in the grave,

He

He gives, (and bleſſed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſion then,
let each rebellious ſigh,
Be ſilent at his ſov'reing will,
and every murmur die.
5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
it's praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the juſtice too
that ſtrikes our comfort dead.

HYMN XXXVI.

Faith triumphing in Chriſt's ſufferings.

Rom. VIII. 33, *&c.*

1 WHO ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls,
And mercy like a mighty ſtream,
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.
2 Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis *Chriſt* that ſuffer'd in their ſtead,
And the ſalvation to fulfil
Behold him riſing from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives! and ſits above
For ever interceeding there;
Who ſhall divide us from his love,
Or what ſhall tempt us to deſpair?
4 Shall perſecution, or diſtreſs,
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs?

He

He that hath lov'd us, bears us thro'
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.
5 Faith hath an over-coming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from *Christ* our love.

HYMN XXXVII.

The vanity of the World.

Psal. XLIX 6 9. Eccl. VIII. 8. Job. III. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
2. There golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aking heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

3 The ling'ring the unwilling soul
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVIII.

Vision of the Lamb.

Rev. V, 6, 7. 8. 9.

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes nor tire my ears,
Behold amidſt th' eternal throne
A viſion of the lamb appears.
2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and ſev'n his horns,
To ſpeak his wiſdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a ſealed book
From him that ſits upon the throne;
Jeſus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.
4 All the aſſembling ſaints around
Fall worſhipping before the lamb,
And in new ſongs of goſpel-ſound
Addreſs their honours to his name.

The joy, the ſhout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlaſting hills.
"Worthy art thou alone" (they cry)
"To read the book, to looſe the ſeal."
6 Our voices join the heav'nly ſtrain,
And with tranſporting pleaſure ſing,
Worthy the lamb, that once was ſlain,
To be our teacher, and our king.

7. His

7. His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counſels, deep deſigns;
His grace and vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made fav'rites of their God.
9 Worthy for ever is the lord,
That dy'd for treaſon not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his father's throne.

HYMN XXXIX.

A Saint aſſured of Heaven.

2 Tim. IV. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 DEATH may diſſolve my body now,
and bare my ſpirit home:
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
nor my ſalvation come?
2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord,
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
and wait the ſure reward.

3. God has laid up in heav'n for me
a crown which cannot fade;
The righteous judge at that great day
ſhall place it on my head.

4 Nor

4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
this prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
th' appearance of his son.

5. *Jesus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe
from ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
this feeble soul of mine.
6. God is my everlasting aid,
and hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
and endless Praise. *Amen.*

HYMN XL.

Christ's triumph over the Church's Enemies.

Isa. LXIII. 1, 2, 3, *&c.*

1 WHat mighty man, or mighty God
comes travelling in state,
Along the *Idomean* road
away from *Bozrah*'s gate!
2. The glory of his robes proclaim
'tis some victorious king:
"Tis I, the just, th' almighty one
"that your salvation bring.

3. Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
why thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
who in the wine-press tread?

4 "I

4. " I by my self have trod the press,
" and crush'd my foes alone,
" My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
" my fury stamp'd them down.

5 " 'Tis *Edom*'s blood that dies my robe,
" with joyful scarlet Stains,
" The triumph that my raiment wears
" sprung from their bleeding veins.
6 " Thus shallthe nations be destroy'd
" that dare insult my saints,
" I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
" an ear for their complaints.

HYMN XLI.

Divine wrath and mercy.

Naham I, 1, 2, 3, *&c.*

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
is a consuming fire,
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame
and raise his vengeance higher.
2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns?
how bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
lie treasur'd for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degree
are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
and rend all nature's frame.

4. At

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
and ſeek a watry grave ;
The frighted ſea makes haſte away,
and ſhrinks up ev'ry wave.
5 Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks,
are ſwift as hail-ſtones hurl'd :
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
that ſhakes the ſolid world !

6 Yet, mighty God, thy ſov'reing grace,
ſits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy choſen race
when wrath comes ruſhing down.
7 Thy hand ſhall on rebellious kings
a fiery tempeſt pour,
While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring wings
thy juſt revenge adore.

HYMN XLII.

The Chriſtian's peace.

Iſa. XL. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 AWAKE our ſouls (away our fears)
Let ev'ry trembling tho't be gone
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a chearful courage on.
2 True 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

3. The

3 The mighty God whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years,
Their everlasting circles run.
4 From thee the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XLIII.

Persevering grace.

Jud. XXIII. 25.

1 TO God the only wise
our saviour, and our king,
Let all the saints below the skies
their humble praises bring.
2 'Tis his almighty love.
his counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
and ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
unblemish'd and compleat.
Before the glory of his face,
with joys divinely great.

4. Then

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
ſhall meet around the throne.
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
and make his wonder's known.

5 To our redeemer God
wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
and everlaſting ſongs.

HYMN XLIV.

The Devil vanquiſh'd.

Rev. XI, 7.

LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heav'n, when *Michael* ſtood
Chief general of the eternal king,
And fought the battle of our God.
2. Againſt the dragon and his hoſt
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.
4 Now is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt has aſſum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuſer caſt
Down from the ſkies to riſe no more.

5 'Twas

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.
6 Rejoice ye heav'ns; let ev'ry ſtar
Shine with new glories round the ſky;
Saints while you ſing the heav'nly war,
Raiſe your deliv'rers name on high.

HYMN XLV.

Chriſt high prieſt and king, coming to Judgement.

Rev. I, 5, 6, 7.

1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love:
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.
2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood:
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To *Jeſus* our atoning prieſt,
To *Jeſus* our ſuperior king,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſt,
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing.
4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once;
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5 The

5 The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day :
Come Lord : nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN XLVI.

Christ worshipped by all creatures.

Rev. V. 1, 12, 13.

1 COme let us join our chearful songs
with angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
but all their joys are one.

2 " Worthy the lamb, that dy'd," they cry,
" to be exalted thus ;"
Worthy the lamb, our lips reply,
for he was slain for us.

3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
and air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
and speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
to bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
and to adore the lamb.

HYMN

HYMN XLVII.

Gracious Adoption.

1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
the father has beſtow'd,
On ſinners of a mortal race,
to call them ſons of God!
2 'Tis no ſurprizing thing,
that we ſhould be unknown;
The *Jewiſh* world knew not their king,
God's everlaſting Son:
3 Nor doth it yet appear
how great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our ſaviour here,
we ſhall be like our head.
4 A hope ſo much divine
may trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin
as Chriſt the Lord is pure.
5 If in my father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy ſpirit, like a dove,
to reſt upon my heart.
6 We would no longer lie
like ſlaves beneath the throne:
My faith ſhall Abba father cry,
and thou the kindred own.

HYMN XLVIII.

The strength of Christ's love &c.

Sol. Song VIII, 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

1 WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood
And her request and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.

3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown,
"And hell and earth in vain combine
"To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd,
"As a fair Signet on my breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

7. "Come

7 "Come, my beloved, haſte away
"Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay,
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where ſpices grow.

HYMN XLIX.

Man vain and mortal.

Job IV, 17,——21.

1 SHall the vile race of fleſh and blood
Contend with their creator, God?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt than he?
2 Behold he puts his truſt in none
Of all the ſpirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, juſt, nor wiſe.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who ſpring from duſt, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vaniſh like the moth.
4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thouſands in thy ſight;
Bury'd in duſt whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the ſons of earth ſhall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN L.

Life, the day of grace and hope.

Eccles. IX. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'ensure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The Living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN LI.

Justification by faith, not works.

Rom. III. 19,——22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
on their own works have built
Their heart by nature all unclean,
and all their actions guilt.
2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of *Adam* stand
guilty before the Lord.
3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
to justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
is all the law can do.
4 *Jesus*, how glorious is thy grace,
when in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the Sinner just.

HYMN LII.

Believe and be saved.

John III. 16, 17, 18.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did *Christ* the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
4 But vengeance and Damnation lyes
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hotteſt hell shall be their place.

HYMN LIII.

Heaven invisible and holy.

1 Cor. II. 9, 10. Rev. XXI. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the father has prepar'd
for those that love his Son.
2 But the good spirit of the Lord
reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
and all the region peace;
No wonton lips nor envious eye
can see or taste the bliss.

4. Those

4 Thoſe holy gates for ever bar,
pollution, ſin, and ſhame:
None ſhall obtain admittance there
but foll'wers of the lamb.

5 He keeps the father's book of life;
there all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
to tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN LIV.

Dead to Sin by the Croſs of Chriſt.
Rom. VI. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to ſin,
becauſe thy grace abounds?
Or Crucify the Lord again
and open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it mighty God
nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That we whoſe ſins are crucify'd
ſhould raiſe them from the dead.

3 We will be ſlaves no more,
ſince *Chriſt* has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his croſs,
and bought our Liberty.

HYMN LV.

The value of Chriſt's righteouſneſs.
Phil. III. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more
Of all the Duties I have done;

I quit the hopes I held before
To truſt the merits of thy Son.

2. Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loſs;
My former pride I call my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his Croſs.
3 Yes, and I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for *Jeſus'* ſake:
O may my Soul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake!

4 The beſt obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN LVI. Rom. VII. 8, *&c.*

Conviction of ſin by Law.

1 LORD, how ſecure my conſcience was
and felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the Law,
and thought my ſins were dead.
2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright
but ſince the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
'till terrible I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt and pure
was thine eternal Law.

4 Then

4 Then felt my ſoul the heavy load,
my ſins reviv'd again
I had provok'd a dreadful God
and all my hopes were ſlain.

5 I'm like a helpleſs captive ſold,
under the pow'r of ſin ;
I cannot do the good I would
nor keep my conſcience clean.
6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath
for ſome kind pow'r to ſave,
To break the yoke of ſin and death
and thus redeem the ſlave.

HYMN LVII.

Moſes & Chriſt, Law & Goſpel.

Joh. I. 17. Heb. III. 3, *&c.*. X. 28.

1 THE law by *Moſes* came,
but peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by *Chriſt* (a nobler name)
deſcending from above.
2 Amidſt the houſe of God
their diff'rent works were done ;
Moſes a faithful ſervant ſtood,
but *Chriſt* a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands,
be ſtrict obedience paid ;
O'er all his father's houſe he ſtands
the ſovereign and the head.

4 The

4 The man that durſt deſpiſe
the law that *Moſes* brought!
Behold! how terribly he dies
for his preſumptuous fault.
5 But ſorer vengeance falls
on that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when *Jeſus* calls,
and dare reſiſt his grace.

HYMN LVIII.

Chriſt's Compaſſion to the weak & Tempted.

Heb. IV. 15, 16, & V. 7. Matt. XII. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
of our high-Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
his bowels melt with love.
2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within
he knows our feeble frame,
He knows what ſore temptations mean
for he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure
the great redeemer ſtood,
While *Satan*'s fiery darts he bore,
and did reſiſt to blood,
4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
what ev'ry member bears.

5 He'll

5 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax
but raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.
6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
his mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
in the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN LIX. Titus II. 10—13.

Holineſs & Grace.

1 SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs,
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd:
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride
While juſtice, temp'rance truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
4 Religion bears our ſpirits up
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

HYMN LX.

Religion vain without Love.

1 Cor. XIII. 1, 2, 3.

1 HAD I the tongues of grecks and jews
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be abſent, I am found
Like tinkling braſs and empty ſound
2 Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I diſtribute all my ſtore
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name.
4 If love to God and love to men
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN LXI.

Salvation by Grace & Chriſt.

2 Tim. I. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the pow'r of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting honours giv'n,
He ſaves from hell (we bleſs his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
2 Nor for our duties nor deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace.

He

He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his son
Before he spread the starry sky.
4 *Jesus* the Lord appears at last,
And makes his father's counsels known
Declares the great transactions pass'd,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN LXII.

Humiliation & Exaltation of Christ.

Isa. LIII. 1—5, 10—12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
or thy salvation known;
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
and glorify thy Son.
2 The *Jews* esteem'd him here
too mean for their belief;
Sorrow his chief acquaintance were,
and his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eye away,
and treated him with scorn;

But

But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
their ſorrows he has born.

4 'Twas for the ſtubborn *Jews*
and *Gentiles* then unknown,
The God of Juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
his beſt-beloved Son.

5 " But I'll prolong his days,
" and make his kingdom ſtand,
" My pleaſure (ſaith the God of grace)
" ſhall proſper in his hand.

6 " His joyful ſoul ſhall ſee
" the purchaſe of his pain,
" And by his knowledge juſtify
" the guilty Sons of men.

7 " Ten thouſand captive ſlaves
" releas'd from death and ſin,
" Shall quit their priſons and their graves,
" and own his pow'r divine.

8 " Heav'n ſhall advance my Son
" to joys that earth deny'd;
" Who ſaw the follies men had done,
" and bore their ſins, and dy'd.

HYMN LXIII.

Frailty & Folly.

1 HOW ſhort and haſty is our life!
how vaſt our ſouls affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs mortals vainly ſtrive
to laviſh out their years.

2 Our

2 Our days run thoughtleſly along,
without a moment's ſtay,
Juſt like a ſtory or a ſong,
we paſs our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
but we march heedleſs on,
And ever haſt'ning to the tomb,
ſtoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deſerve the deepeſt hell
that ſlight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance ſhould we feel
that break ſuch cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with ſov'reign grace,
and lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race
and ſee ſalvation nigh.

HYMN LXIV.

Glory and Grace in the Perſon of Chriſt.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble ſong!
Awake my ſoul, awake my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in *Jeſus'* face,
The brighteſt Image of his grace;
God in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt works out-done.

3. The

3 The ſpacious earth, and ſpreading flood
Proclaim the wiſe, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.
4 But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands:
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Out-ſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at *Jeſus'* name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound,
Ye Heav'ns reflect it to the ground.
6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unvails his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN LXV.

God the Son equal with the Father.

Phil. II. 6, &c.

1 BRight king of glory, dreadful God!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.
2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word;
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperior Lord.

3 Mercy

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy right-hand;
Eternal juſtice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.
4 A thouſand ſeraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorious deity;
But who amongſt the ſons of light
Pretends compariſon with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jeſus array'd in fleſh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
6 Their glory ſhines with equal beams;
Their eſſence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father-God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Chriſt our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praiſe let every angel ſing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN LXVI.

A Funeral Thought.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful ſound,
my ears attend the cry,
" Ye living men, come view the ground,
" where you muſt ſhortly lie.
2 " Princes, this clay muſt be your bed
" in ſpite of all your tow'rs;

The

" The tall, the wife, the rev'rend head
" muft lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
and are we ftill fecure?
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
and yet prepare no more?
4 Grant us the pow'rs of quickning grace,
to fit our fouls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flefh,
we'll rife above the fky.

HYMN LXVII.

The paffion & Exaltation of Chrift.

Zech. XII. 7.

1 THUS faith the ruler of the fkies,
" awake my dreadful fword;
" Awake my wrath, and fmite the man
" my fellow, faith the Lord.
2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command
and armed down fhe flies,
Jefus fubmits t' his father's hand,
and bows his head, and dies.

3 But oh! the wifdom and the grace
that join with vengeance now!
He dies to fave our guilty race,
and yet he rifes too.
4 A perfon fo divine was he
who yielded to be flain,

That

That he could give his ſoul away
and take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
let ev'ry nation ſing,
And angels ſound with endleſs joy
the ſaviour and the king.

HYMN LXVIII.

Look on him whom they have pierced & mourn.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing Woe!
behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the *Jews* conſpir'd his death,
and us'd the *Roman* ſword.

2 Oh! the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
my dear redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns
his ſacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns
in vain I do accuſe,
In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,
and the more ſpiteful *Jews*.

4 'Twere you, my ſins, my cruel ſins,
his chief tormentors were!
Each of my crimes became a nail,
and unbelief the ſpear.

5 'Twere you, that pull'd the vengeance down
upon his guiltleſs head:
Break, break my heart, oh! burſt mine eyes,
and let my ſorrows bleed.

6 Strike

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes,
in undissembled woe.

HYMN LXIX.

Sinai & Sion.

Heb. XII. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
the tempest, fire and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
which God on *Sinai* spoke;
2 But we are come to *Sion*'s hill,
the city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
and spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
of angels cloath'd in light;
Behold the spirits of the just
whose faith is turn'd to sight.
4 Behold the blest assembly there,
whose names are writ in heav'n;
And God, the judge of all, declares
their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in *Christ* the living head,
and of his grace partake.

6. In

6 In such society as this
my weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where *Jesus* is
must be forever blest.

HYMN LXX.

Self Righteousness is sufficient.

Isa L. 19, 11. Chap. XXVIII. 20.

"Where are the mourners (saith the lord
"That wait and tremble at my word,
"That walk in darkness all the day?
"Come, make my name your trust and stay.
2 "No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the smallest sin atone;
"The robes that nature may provide
"Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 "The softest couch that nature knows
"Can give the conscience no repose:
"Look to my righteousness, and live;
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.
4 "Ye sons of pride that kindle coals,
"With your own hands to warm your souls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5 "This is your portion at my hands;
"Hell waits you with her Iron bands,
"Ye shall lye down in sorrow there,
"In death, in darkness, and despair.

HYMN

HYMN LXXI.

God incomprehenſible & Sovereign.

Job XI. 7, &c. XXV. 5. XXVI. 11.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated mind ?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out !

2 " 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory ſpread beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wiſe,
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And ſwells, and ſnuffs the empty wind.

4 God is a king of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne ;
If he reſolve, who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why, or what he does ?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul :
When he ſhuts up in long deſpair,
Who can remove the heavy bar ?

6 He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon,
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon :
The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.

7 He

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.
8 Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light; or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

HYMN LXXII.

The Lord's ſupper Inſtituted.

1 Cor XI. 23, &c.

1 'TWas on that dark, that doleful night
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe,
Againſt the ſon of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:
2 Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſs'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he ſpake!
3 "This is my body, broke for ſin,
"Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and bleſs'd the wine,
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
4 "Do this," (he cry'd) till time ſhall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend;
"Meet at my table and record,
"The love of your departed Lord."

5 *Jeſus,*

5 *Jesus*, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the lamb.

HYMN LXXIII.

Crucifixion to the world by the Cross of Christ.

Gal. VI. 14.

1 WHen I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of *Christ* my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree!
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN

HYMN LXXIV.

The Gospel Feast.

Luke XIV. *ver.* 16, *&c.*

1 HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
2 Thine antient family the *Jews*,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But, at the Gospel-call, we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
4 From the high way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God!
6 It cost him death, to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;

And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vaſt expence his love would coſt.

HYMN LXXV.

Doxology to the bleſs'd Trinity.

1 GLory to God the father's name,
who from our ſinful race,
Choſe out his fav'rites to proclaim
the honours of his grace.
2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
gave his own life away.
3 Glory to God the ſpirit give,
from whoſe all mighty pow'r.
Our ſouls their heav'nly birth derive,
and bleſs the happy hour.
4 Glory to God that reigns above,
th' eternal three and one,
Who by the wonders of his love,
has made his nature known.

HYMN LXXVI.

Another 148 *Pſalm Metre.*

1 TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curſe,
To ſave rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,

Is endleſs praiſe
And glory due.

2 The father's love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal ſongs;
We bring to God the Son
Hoſannas on our tongues;
Our lips addreſs
The ſpirit's name
With equal praiſe,
And zeal the ſame.

3 Let ev'ry ſaint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bleſs and love
The ſacred three in one:
Thus heav'n ſhall raiſe
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN LXXVII.

Love to Enemies.

(*Hoſ* 3. 5. *Luke*, 24, 44. *Pſal.* 35, 12—14)

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love
that holy *David* ſhows:
Hark, how his ſounding bowels move
to his afflicted foes!

2 When they are ſick, his ſoul complains,
and ſeems to feel the ſmart;
The ſpirit of the Goſpel reigns,
and melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
as for a Brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
while for their life he pray'd.
4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed
yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
the righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
thus *Christ* the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
and pities them with tears.
6 He the true *David*, *Isra'l*'s king,
blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead to sin
pay'd his own dearest blood.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

(*Luk.* 1. 32. Ch. 10. 21. *Psal.* 21. 1—8.)

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace
But *Christ* the Son appears at length,
Fulfills the triumph and the praise.
2 How great is the *Messiah*'s joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou has rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy

3 Thy goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt with-hold;
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
4 Honour and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temple ſhine;
Bleſt with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

5 Thine hand ſhall find out all his foes;
And as a fi'ry oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So ſhall thy wrath devour their ſouls.

HYMN LXXIX.

Covenant made with Chriſt.

(*Iſa.* 42. 1. *Heb.* 1. 5, &c. *Pſal.* 89, 1, &c.)

1 FOR ever ſhall my ſong record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever ſtand
Like Heav'n eſtabliſh'd by his hand.
2 Thus to his Son he ſware, and ſaid,
" With thee my Cov'nant firſt is made;
" In thee ſhall dying ſinners live;
" Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my prieſt;
" Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt;
" Thou art my choſen king: thy throne
" Shall ſtand eternal like my own.
4 " There's none of all my ſons above;
" So much my Image, or my love;

" Celeſtial

" Celeſtial pow'rs thy ſubjects are ;
" Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5 *David*, my ſervant, whom I choſe
" To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
" And rais'd him to the *Jewiſh* throne,
" Was but a ſhadow of my Son.
6 Now let the church rejoice, and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her king ;
Angels his heavenly Wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

HYMN LXXX.

Infants Praiſing God.

(*Mat.* 21. 15, 16. *Pſal.* 8. 1. 2)

ALMIGHITY ruler of the ſkies,
thro' thewide earth thy nameisſpread
And thine eternal glory riſe
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
2 To thee the voices of the young,
A Monument of honour raiſe ;
And babes with uninſtructed tongue
Declares the wonders of thy praiſe.

3 Thy pow'r aſſiſts their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To ſtill the bold blaſphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.
4 Children amidſt thy temple throng
To ſee their great redeemer's face ;

The

The *Son of David* is their ſong,
And young *Hoſanna*'s fill the place.

5 The frowning ſcribes and angry prieſts
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge ſits ſilent in their breaſts,
While *Jewiſh* babes proclaim their king.

HYMN LXXXI.

Adam and Chriſt Lord of the old and new Creation.

(*Heb.* 2, 5, &c. *Pſal.* 8, 3, &c.)

LOrd, what was man, when made at firſt
Adam the offs'pring of the duſt,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſit him and his race
But juſt below an angel's place?
2 That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make every beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet?

3 But, O what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond *Adam*'s ſtate!
What honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born?
4 See him below his angels made;
See him in duſt amongſt the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin:
But he ſhall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,

New-made

New-made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

HYMN LXXXII.

Christ, Dying, Rising, &c.

(*Acts* 4. 24. Ch. 13. 33. *Heb.* 1. 5. *Ps.* 2, 1, &c.

1 MAKER and sov'reign Lord
of Heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
and answers thy decrees.
2 The things so long foretold
by *David* are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay
Jesus thine holy child.

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
and *Jews* with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
th' anointed of the Lord?
4 Rulers and kings agree
to form a vain design.
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
and will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
hath own'd him for his Son.
6 Now he's ascended high,
and asks to rule the earth;

The

The merit of his blood he pleads,
and pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
a large Inheritan e;
Far as the world's remotest ends
his kingdom shall advance.
8 The nations that rebel
must feel his Iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
which he receiv'd from God.

9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
and worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
to God's exalted Son.
10 If once his wrath arise,
ye perish on the place:
Then blessed is the soul that flies
for refuge to his grace

HYMN LXXXIII.

Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity.

(*Heb.* i. 10. *Psalm* 102, 23, &c.)

1 IT is the Lord our saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race
Disease and death at his command
Arrests us, and cut short our days;
2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon!

3 Yet in the midſt of death and grief
This thought our ſorrow ſhall aſſwage
" Our father and our ſaviour live :
" *Chriſt* is the ſame thro' every age.
4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;
Heav'n is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old theſe heav'ns ſhall fade
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The ſtarry curtains of the ſky
Like garment ſhall be laid aſide ;
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high ;
Thy church for ever muſt abide.
6 Before thy face thy church ſhall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be rais'd again.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Heb. 1. 6. *Pſal.* 97. 6---9.)

1 THe Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim,
His birth ; the nations learn his name
An unknown ſtar directs the road
Of *Eaſtern* ſages to their God.
2 All ye bright armies of the Skies,
Go, worſhip where the Saviour lies :
Angels and kings before him bow,
Thoſe God's on high and gods below.

3 Let

3 Let Idols totter to the ground,
And their own worſhippers confound:
But *Judah* ſhout but *Zion* ſing,
And earth confeſs her ſov'reign king.

HYMN LXXXV.

(*Rom.* 15. 3. *Joh.* 15. 25. Ch, 2. 17.
The ſufferings of Chriſt.
2 *Cor.* 6. 2. *Pſal.* 69. 1,—14.)

1 SAve me, O God, the ſwelling floods
" break in upon my ſoul:
" I ſink; and ſorrows o'er my head
" like mighty waters roll.
2 " I cry till all my voice be gone,
" in tears I waſte the day;
" My God, behold my longing eyes,
" and ſhorten thy delay.

3 " They hate my ſoul without a cauſe,
" and ſtill their numbers grows
" More than the hairs around my head,
" and mighty are my foes.
4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
" that men could never pay:
" And gave thoſe honours to thy law,
" which ſinners took away.

5 Thus in the great *Meſſiah*'s name,
the royal prophet mourns;

Thus

Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
and gives us joy by turns.

6 " Now ſhall the ſaints rejoice and find
" Salvation in thy name :
" For I have born their heavy load
" of ſorrow, pain, and ſhame.

7" Grief like a garment cloath'd me round
" and ſackcloth was my dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked ſouls,
" a robe of righteouſneſs.

8 " Amongſt my brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a ſtranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile reproach, to bring
" the *Gentiles* near to God.

9 " I came in ſinful mortals ſtead
" to do my father's will :
" Yet when I cleans'd my father's houſe,
" they ſcandaliz'd my zeal.

10 " My faſting and my holy groans
" were made the drunkard's ſong ;
" But God from his celeſtial throne
" heard my complaining tongue.

11 " He ſav'd me from the dreadful deep
" nor let my ſoul be drown'd ;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking feet,
" on well-eſtabliſh'd ground.

12 " 'Twas in a moſt accepted hour
" my pray'r aroſe on high
" And for my ſake my God ſhall hear
" the dying ſinner's cry." *HYMN*

HYMN LXXXVI.

Paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.

Mark. 15. 22, 23 24. *Pſal.* 69. 14, &c.

1 NOW let our lips with holy fear
and mournful pleaſure ſing
The ſuff'rings of our great High-prieſt,
the ſorrows of our king.
2 He ſinks in floods of deep diſtreſs;
how high the waters riſe;
While to his heav'nly father's ear
he ſends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and ſave thy ſon,
"nor hide thy ſhining face;
"Why ſhould thy fav'rite look like one
"forſaken of thy grace?
4 "With rage they perſecute the man
"that groans beneath thy wound,
"While for a ſacrifice I pour
"my life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honour to the duſt,
"and laugh when I complain;
"Their ſharp inſulting ſlanders add
"freſh anguiſh to my pain.
6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
"the ſcandal and the ſhame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"and lies defil'd my name!

7 "I

7 " I lookt for pity, but in vain ;
" my kindred are my grief ;
" I aſk my friends for comfort round,
" but meet with no relief.

8 " With vinegar they mock my thirſt,
" they give me gall for food ;
" And ſporting with my dying groans,
" they triumph in my blood.

9 " Shine into my diſtreſſed ſoul,
" let thy compaſſion ſave ;
And tho' my fleſh ſink down to death,
" redeem it from the grave.

10 " I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy name,
" ſhall reign in worlds unknown ;
" And thy ſalvation, O my God,
" ſhall ſeat me on thy throne.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Chriſt's Obedience and Death

(*Rom.* 11, 11, 16. *Heb.* 12. 2, &c 13. 13. *Pſal.* 69. 29. *&c.*)

1 FATHER, I ſing thy wond'rous grace
I bleſs my ſaviour's name ;
He bought ſalvation for the poor,
and bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2 His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
his duty and his zeal,
Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,
and finiſh'd all thy will.

3 His

3 His dying groans his living ſongs,
ſhall better pleaſe my God,
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
than goats or bullocks blood.
4 This ſhall his humble followers ſee,
and ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee,
and live forever bleſt.

5 Let Heav'n and all that dwell on high
to God their voices raiſe,
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky,
and join to' advance the praiſe.
6 Zion is thine, moſt holy God,
thy Son ſhall bleſs her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood
for thy own *Iſr'el* waits

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Heb. 10. 4, &c, *Pſal* 40. 6,—9

THus ſaith the Lord, "your work is vain
" give your burnt off'rings o'er,
" In dying goats and bullocks ſlain
" my ſoul delights no more.
2 Then ſpake the Saviour, "lo I'm here,
" my God, to do thy will;
" What-e'er thy ſacred books declare
" thy ſervant ſhall fulfil.

3 " The law is ever in my ſight,
" I keep it in my heart:

" Mine

" Mine eyes are open'd with delight
" to what thy lips impart.

4 " And see, the blest redeemer comes,
th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
the body God prepares.
5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
and much his truth he shew'd;
And preacht the way of righteousness
where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour toucht his heart,
he pity'd sinners cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
was made a sacrifice.
7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
could wash the conscience clean:
But the rich Sacrifice he paid
atones for all our Sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
and *Satan*'s kingdom shook,
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
the serpent's head was broke.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Death & Resurrection of Christ.

(*Act.* 2. 25, *&c.* Ch. 13. 35, 36. *Psal.* 16, 8, *&c.*

1 I Set the Lord before my face,
" he bears my courage up;

" My

" My heart and tongue their joy expreſs,
" my Fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.
2 " My ſpirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,
" where ſouls departed are
Nor quit my body to the grave
" to ſee corruption there.

3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life
" and raiſe me to thy throne :
" Thy courts immortal pleaſure give,
" thy preſence joys unknown.
4 Thus in the name of *Chriſt*, the Lord,
the holy *David* ſung,
And providence fulfils the word
of his prophetick tongue.

5 *Jeſus*, whom ev'ry ſaint adores,
was crucify'd and ſlain ;
Behold, the tomb its prey reſtores,
Behold, he lives again.
6 When ſhall my feet ariſe and ſtand
on heav'ns eternal hills ?
There ſits the Son at God's right-hand,
and there the Father ſmiles.

HYMN XC

(*Luke*. 24. 51. 52, *Act*. 1. 9. *Pſal*, 37,)

Chriſt Aſcending and Reigning.

1 O For a ſhout of ſacred joy
to God the ſov'reign king !
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
and hymns of triumph ſing.

Jeſus,

2 *Jesus*, our God ascends on high;
his heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
with trumpets joyful sound.
3 While angels shout and praise their king,
let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
o'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
upon a thoughtless tongue.
5 In *Isr'el* stood his antient throne,
he lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
and heathens taste his grace.

6 The *British* kingdoms are the Lord's,
there *Abr'am*'s God is known;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and sword
submit before his throne.

HYMN XCI.

Christ's Ascension and the gift of the Spirit.

(*Eph.* 4, 8. *Heb.* 12. 18, &c. *Acts* 2. 33. *Psal,* 68. 17, 18.)

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariot's that attend thy state.

2 Not

2 Not *Sinai*'s mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thouſand ſouls had captive made.
Were all in chains like captives led.
4 Rais'd by his father to the throne,
He ſent his promis'd ſpirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

HYMN XCII.

Glory of Chriſt.

(*Luk.* 4. 22. Heb. 1. 8, 9. Chap 4. 12. 1. *Pet* 2. 9. *Jób.* 3. 34. *Pſal*, 45.)

1 MY ſaviour and my king,
thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with bleſſings overflow,
and ev'ry grace is thine.
2 Now make thy glory known,
gird on thy dreadful ſword,
And ride in majeſty to ſpread
the conqueſts of thy word.

3 Strike thro' thy ſtubborn foes
or melt their hearts t'obey,
While juſtice, meekneſs, grace and truth,
attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious Gospel proves
a sceptre in thy hand.
5 Thy father and thy God,
hath without measure shed
His spirit like a joyful oil
t' anoint thy sacred head.

6 Behold, at thy right-hand
the *Gentile* church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire;
and princes guard the Queen.
7 Fair bride, receive his love,
forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy Gods, thy Idol-Gods,
and pay thy Lord thy vows.

8 O let my God and king
thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing
in palaces of joy.

HYMN XCIII

Hosanna to the Lord's Day

(*Math.* 22. 9, 42, 1 *Pet.* 2. 4, &c. *Joh.* 12, 13 *Psal.* 118. 22, *&c.*)

1 SEE what a living stone
the builders did refuse,
Yet God hath built his church thereon
in spite of envious *Jews*.

2 The

2 The ſcribe and angry prieſt
reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock ſhall *Zion* reſt,
as the chief corner-ſtone.
3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
and wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
this day did *Jeſus* riſe.
4 This is the glorious day
that our redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and ſing and pray,
let all the church be glad.
5 *Hoſanna* to the king
of *David*'s royal blood;
Bleſs him, ye ſaints; he comes to bring
ſalvation from your God.
6 We bleſs thine holy word,
which all this grace diſplays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
our ſacrifice of praiſe.

HYMN XCIV.

Chriſt our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
(*Iſa.* 45. 21. *&c. Rom.* 3. 21, 7. *Pſal.* 71. 15. *&c*)

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
when I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
the numbers of thy grace?
2 Thou art my everlaſting truth
thy goodneſs I adore;

And

And ſince I knew thy graces firſt
I ſpeak thy glories more.
3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
of the celeſtial road,
And march with courage in thy ſtrength
to ſee my father-God.

4 When I am fill'd with ſore diſtreſs
for ſome ſurprizing ſin,
I'll plead thy prefect righteouſneſs,
and mention none but thine.
5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
the vict'ries of my king!
My ſoul redeem'd from ſin and hell
ſhall thy ſalvation ſing.

6 My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
my Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to ſhame,
and drown'd them in his blood.
7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
with this delightful ſong
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
nor think the ſeaſon long.

HYMN XCV.

Warning to delaying ſinners.

(1 *Cor.* 10, 9. *Heb.* 3. 7, &c. *Pſal.* 95.

1 COME, let our voices join to raiſe
A ſacred ſong of ſolemn praiſe:

God

God is a sov'reign king; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word:
He is our shepherd! we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
3 Come, let us here his voice to day,
The counsels of his love obey,
Nor let our hardened hearts renew,
The sins and plagues that *Isr'el* knew.

4 *Isr'el* that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God,
5 Thus saith the Lord, "*How false they prove?*
"*Forget my pow'r; abuse my love;*
"*Since they despise my rest, I swear,*
"*Their feet shall never enter there.*

6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those antient rebels dead,
Attend the offer'd grace to day,
Nor loose the blessings by delay.
7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to *Zion*'s heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

HYMN

HYMN XCVI.

Christ's Kingdom Among Gentiles,

(*Luk.* 1. 32, 33. *Joh.* 1. 49. 51. *Psal.* 72 8, &c.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journey's run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moon's shall wax and wane no more.
2 Behold the Islands with their kings,
And *Europe* her best tribute brings;
From *North* to *South* the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There *Persia* glorious to behold,
There *India* shines in *Eastern* Gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And Infant-voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 Where

7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of *Adam* boast,
More blessings than their father lost.
8 Let every creature rise and bring,
Peculiar honours to our king :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen.*

HYMN XCVII.

A Church establish'd.

(*Mat.* 18 20 1 *Tim* 3. 15. P*sal* 132. 5 *&c.*)

1 NO Sleep nor Slumber to his eyes
good *David* would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
a dwelling for the Lord.
2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name,
his ark was settled there :
To *Zion* the whole nation came,
to worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
nor wander far abroad ;
Where-e'er thy saints assemble now
there is a house for God.
4 Arise, O king of grace, arise,
and enter to thy rest,
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes
thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
thy ſpirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
could no ſuch grace afford.
6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
and fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,
let God's anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and truth his court maintain,
with love and pow'r divine.
8 Here let him hold a laſting throne,
and as his kingdom grows,
Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
and Shame confound his foes.

HYMN XCVIII.

Chriſt coming to Judgment.

(*Eph.* 5 19, 20. 2 *Theſ.* 1. 7. *Pſal.* 97. 5.)

1 HE reigns; the Lord the Saviour reigns
Praiſe him in evangelic ſtrains:
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant Iſlands join their voice.
2 Deep are his counſels and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3 In

3 In robes of Judgment, lo he comes
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The mountains melt, the Seas retire.
4 His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

HYMN XCIX.

(*Psal.* 9, 10.)

1 SIng to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various, and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known!
2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, All-sufficient Lord,
He thro' the world most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
3 Awake, our noblest pow'rs, to bless
The God of *Abr'am*, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title know,
Father and God of *Christ* his Son.
4 Thro' ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That he hath sought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart ſhall dare
In whiſpers to ſuggeſt a fear,
While ſtill he owns his antient name ?
The ſame his pow'r his love the ſame !
6 To thee our ſouls in faith ariſe,
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;
And boldly thro' the deſert tread :
For God will guard, where God ſhall lead.

HYMN C.

(*Pſal.* 35. 3,)

1 SALVATION ! O melodious Sound
to wretched dying men !
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
and leads to God again !
2 Reſcu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
from Fiends and Fires and chains :
Rais'd to a paradiſe of bliſs,
where love, with glory reigns !

3 But O ! may a degen'rate ſoul,
ſinful and weak as mine,
Preſume to raiſe a trembling eye
to bleſſings ſo divine ?
4 The luſtre of ſo bright a ſcene
my feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almoſt perverts
the promiſe into tears.

5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine
theſe dying hopes can raiſe ;

Speak

Speak thy ſalvation to my ſoul,
and turn its tears to praiſe.
6 *My Saviour-GOD* this broken voice
tranſported ſhall proclaim,
And call on all th' angelic harps
to ſound ſo ſweet a name.

HYMN CI.

(*Pſal.* 45. 3, 4.)

1 LOUD to the prince of heav'n
Your chearful voices raiſe;
To him your vows be giv'n,
And fill his courts with praiſe.
With conſcious worth
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms,
He ſallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring ſword,
Aſcend thy ſhining car
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels
In glad ſurpriſe,
Ye vallies riſe,
And ſink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and ſmiling love,
And injur'd righteouſneſs

In

In thy retinue move,
And seek from thee redress:
Thou in their cause
Shalt prosp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

4 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace, which conquers all.
The world shall know,
Great king of kings,
What wond'rous things
Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant ways;
Here ev'ry foe controul,
And all thy pow'r display.
My heart thy throne,
Blest *Jesus* see,
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

HYMN CII.

(*Psal.* 107. 31.)

1 YE Sons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord

And

And let his pow'r and goodneſs ſound
Thro' all your tribes the world around.
2 Let the high heav'n your ſongs invite,
Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light;
Where ſun and moon, and planets roll,
And ſtars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and ſhade;
People with life of various forms,
Fiſhes and fowles, and beaſts and worms.
4 View the broad ſea's majeſtick plains,
And think how wide its maker reigns;
That band remoteſt nations joins,
And on each wave his goodneſs ſhines.

5 But, O that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son in fleſh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
6 Thither, my ſoul, with rapture ſoar:
There in the land of praiſe adore:
This theme demands an angel's tongue,
Demands a never-ending Song.

HYMN CIII.

(*Pſal.* 119. 9.)

1 INdulgent God, with pitying eyes
the ſons of men ſurvey,

And

And see how youthful sinners sport
in a destructive way.
2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around
to bear them to the tomb;
Each in an hour may plunge them down,
where hope can never come.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring minds
amus'd with airy dreams,
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel
their visionary Schemes.
4 With holy caution may they walk,
and be thy word their guide;
Till each the desart safely pass'd,
on *Zion*'s hill abide.

FINIS.

Molly Tarleton